



FLINTSTONES

NO. 49 DEC
00748 76/CDC
30¢ UK 10P



ALL NEW

The FLINTSTONES

and PEBBLES

a Hanna-Barbera
Production

CHARLTON
PUBLICATION



00748

charcoal

RAY DIRGO

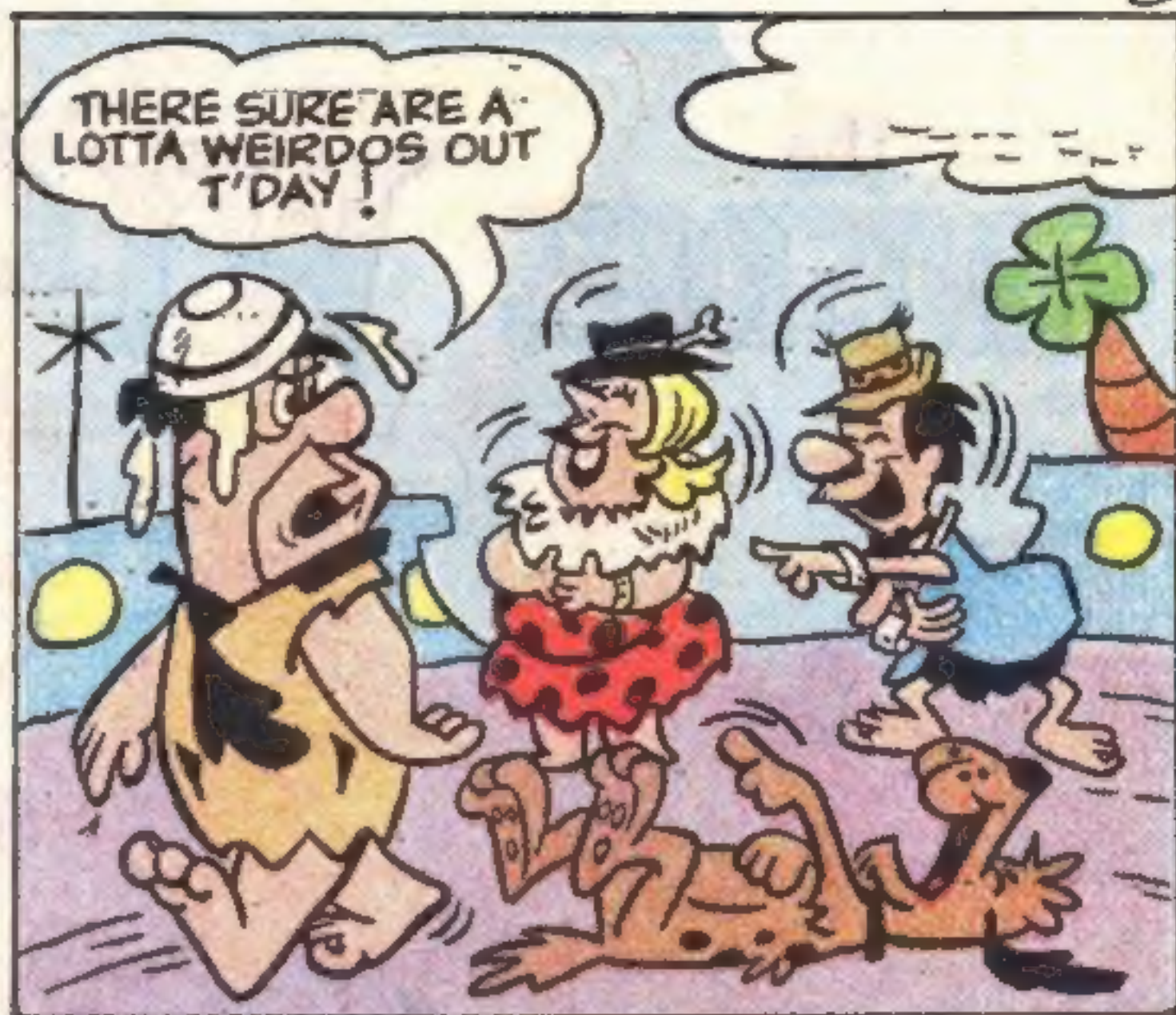
The FLINTSTONES

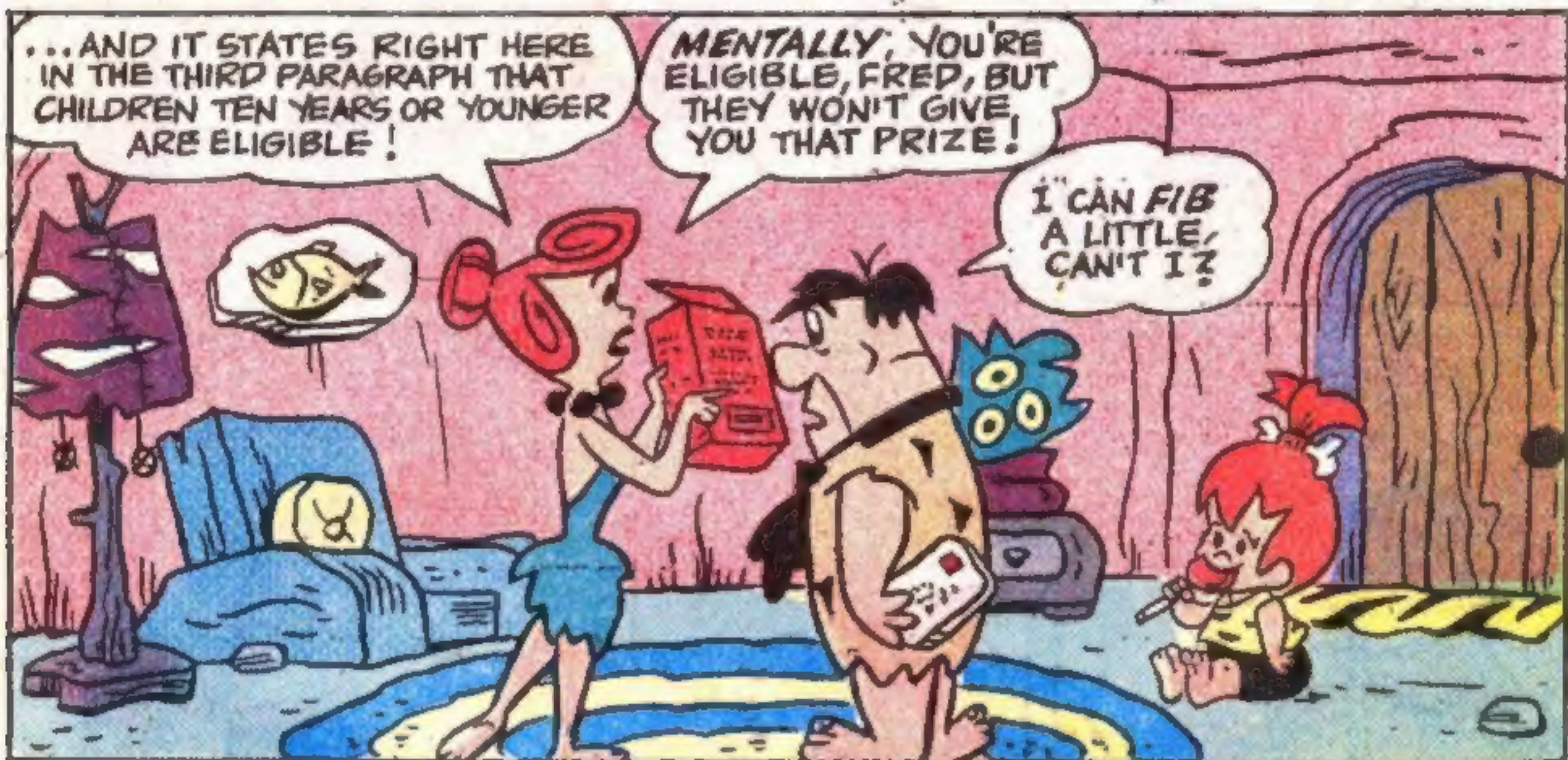
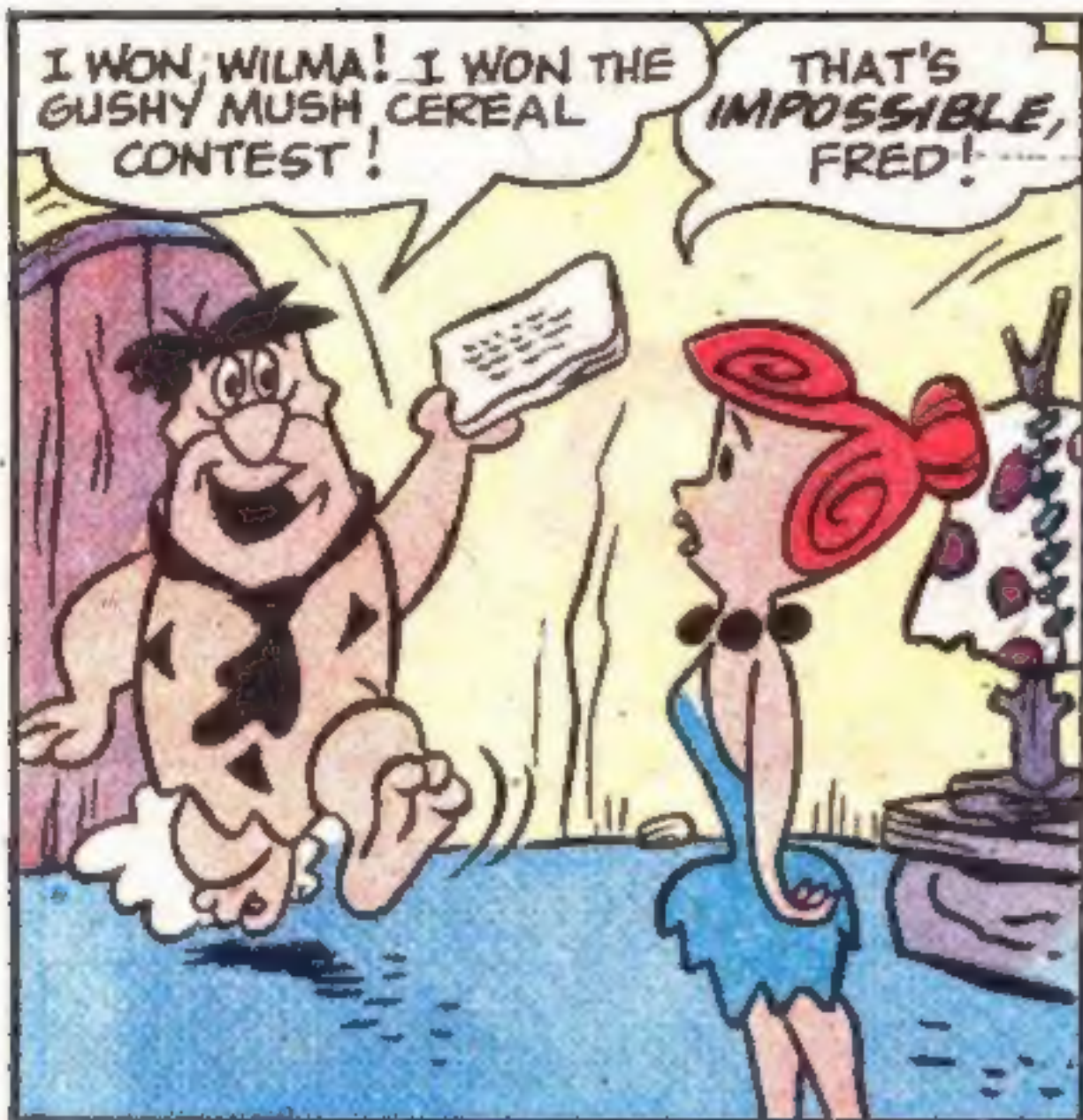
The WINNER!

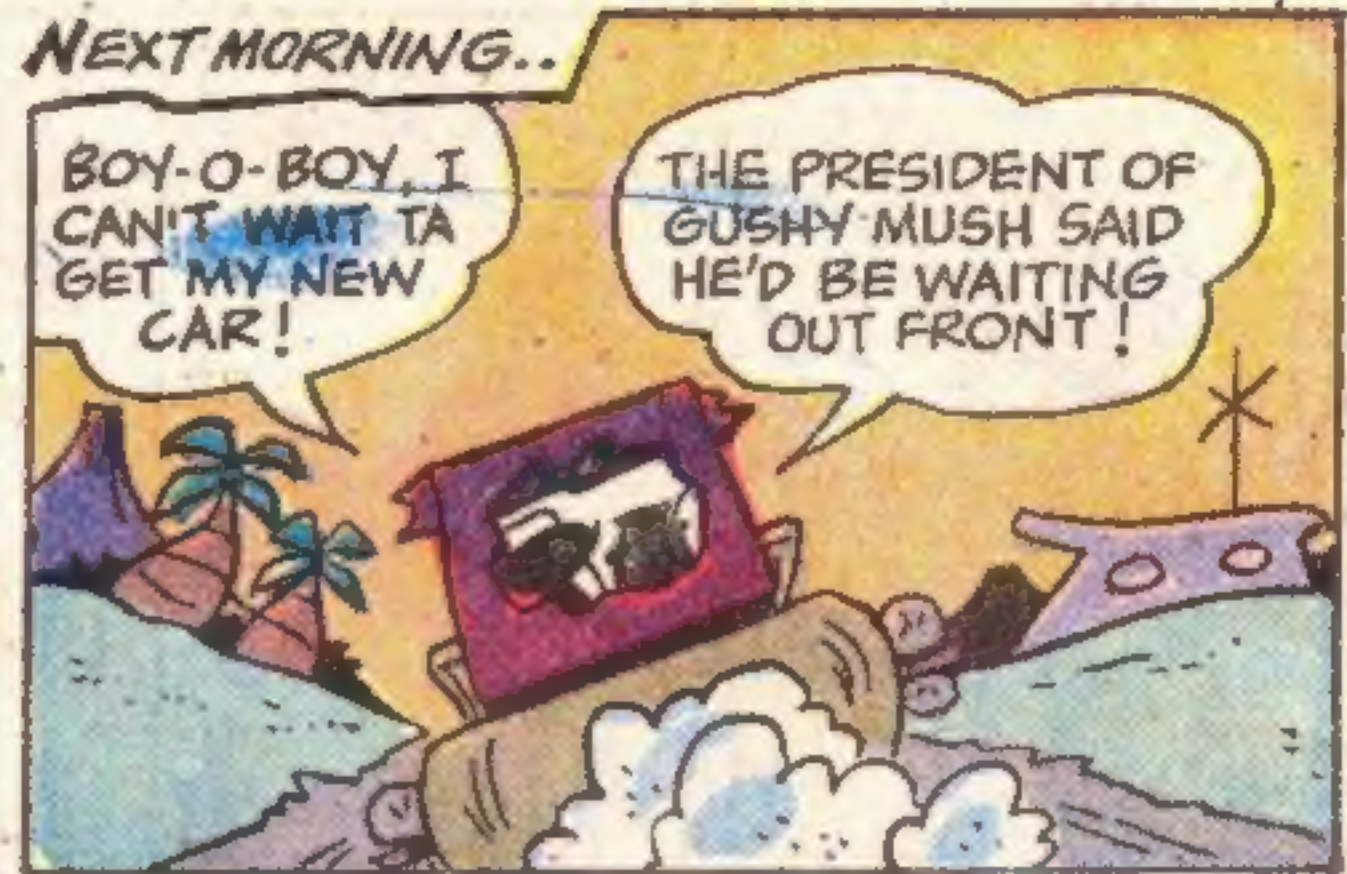


THE FLINTSTONES Vol. 7, No. 49, December, 1976.

Published bimonthly by CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC. at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. John Santapaul Jr., Publisher. George R. Wildman, Executive Editor. Second class postage paid at Derby, Conn. 06418. 30¢ per copy. Subscription \$1.80 annually. Printed in U.S.A. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (212-686-9050). © 1976 HANNA-BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC. International copyright secured. All rights reserved.



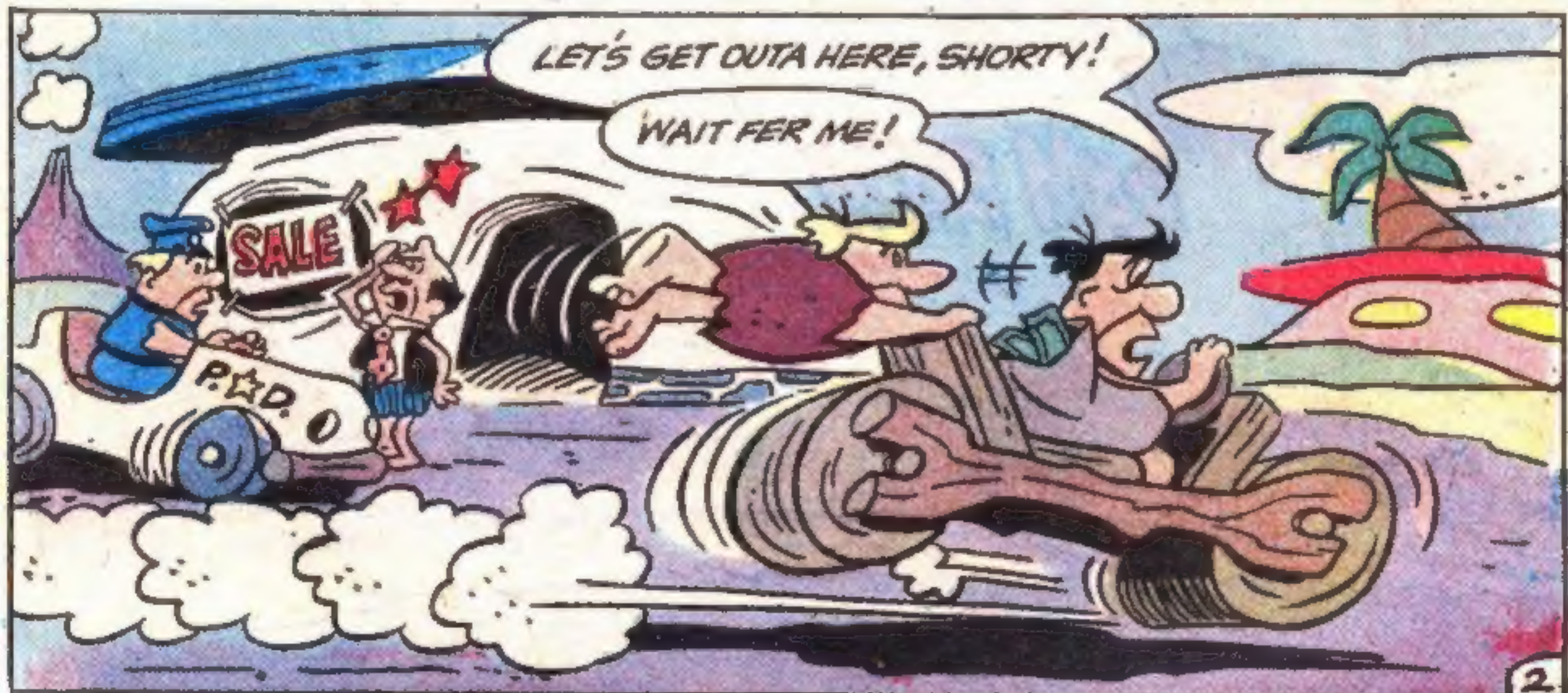


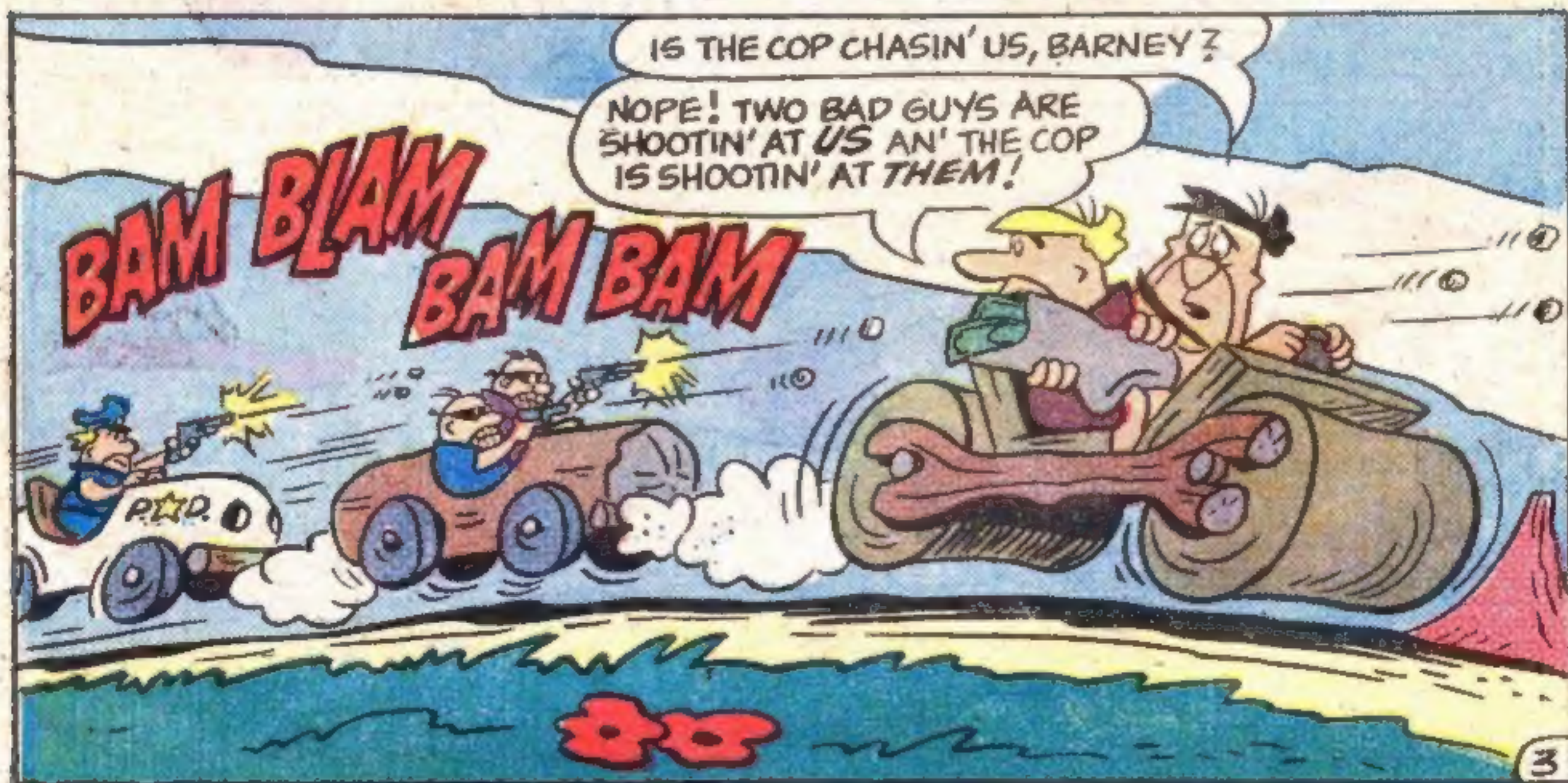


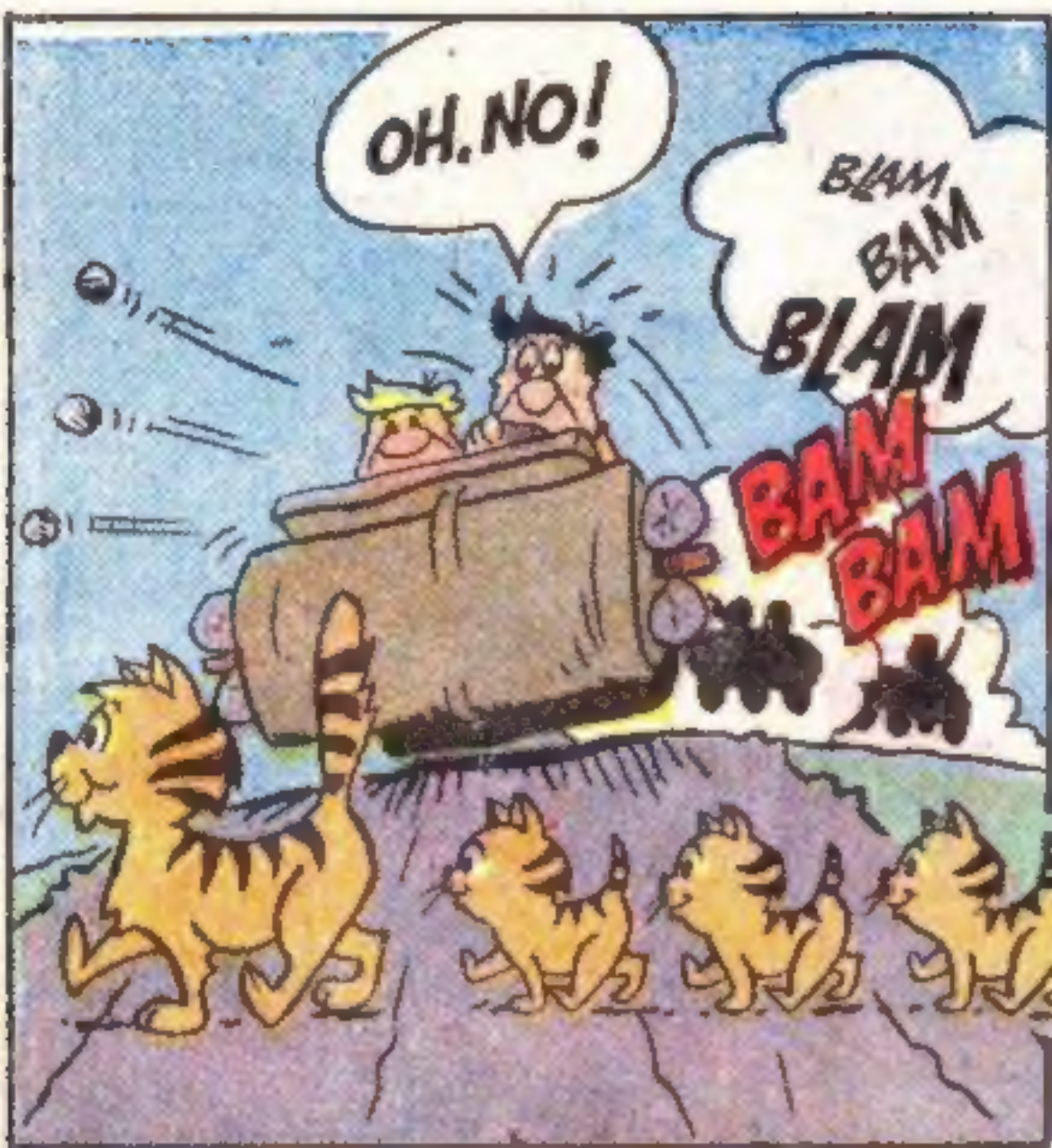


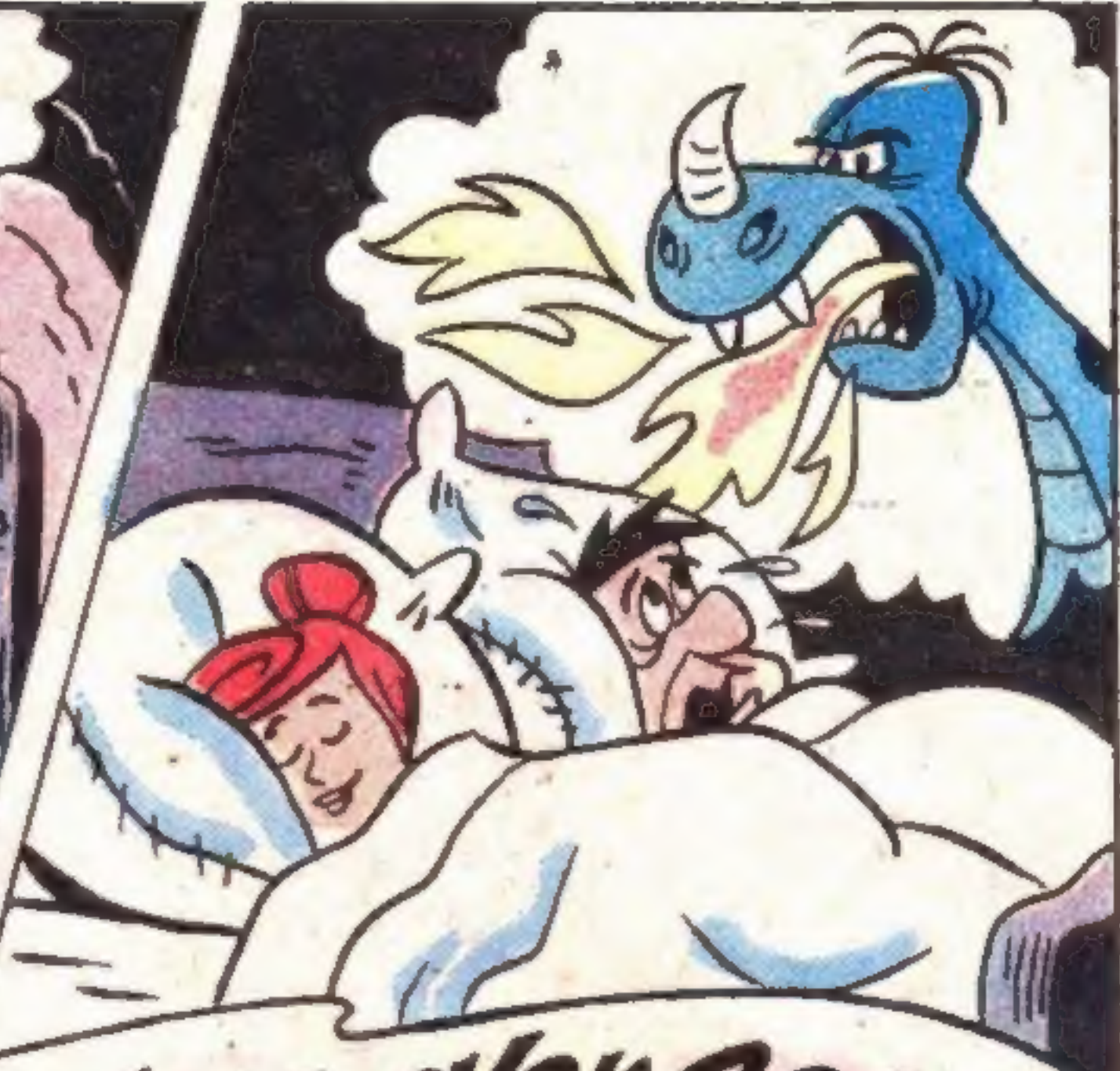
The FLINTSTONES Holding the BAG!









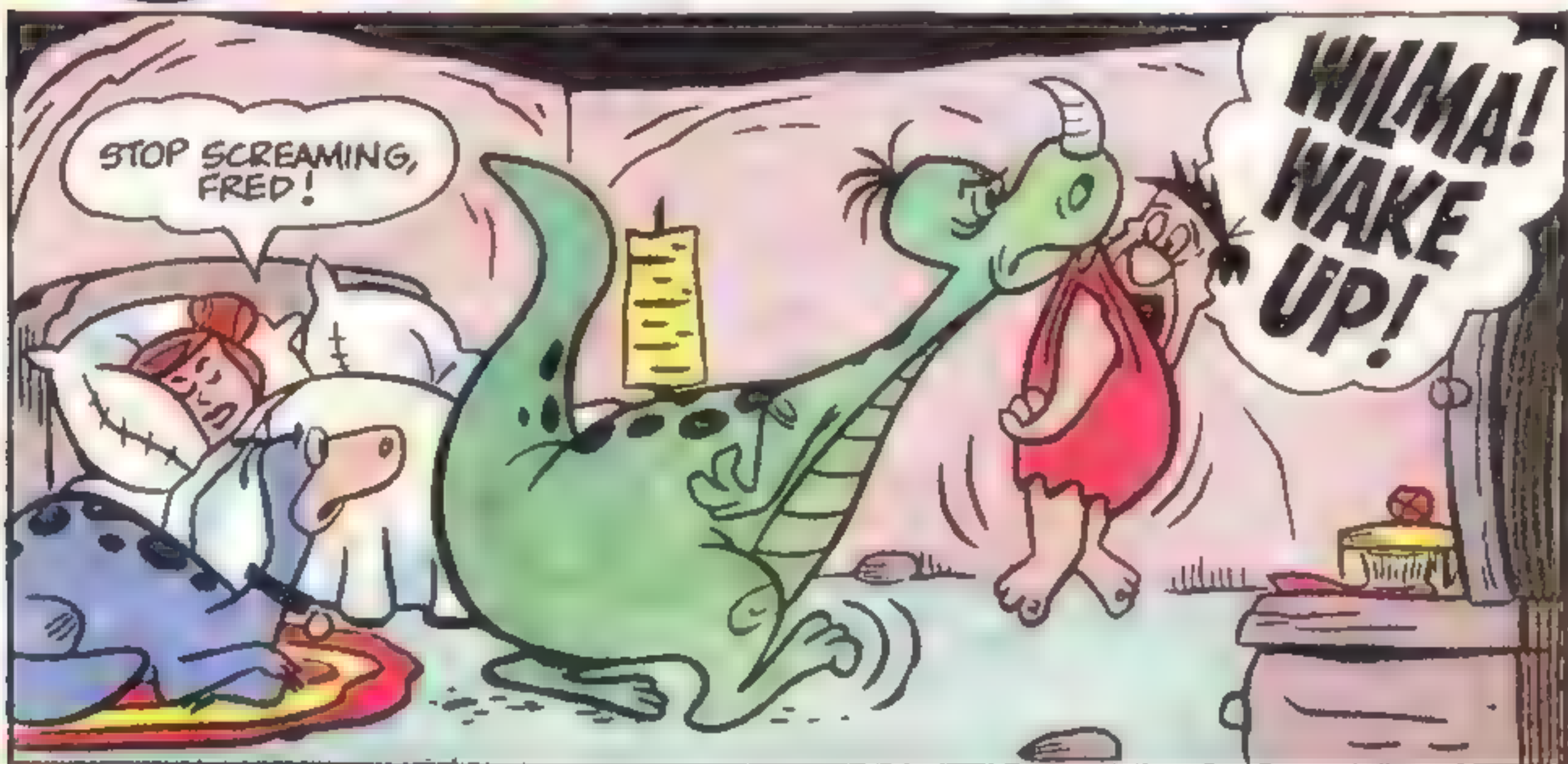
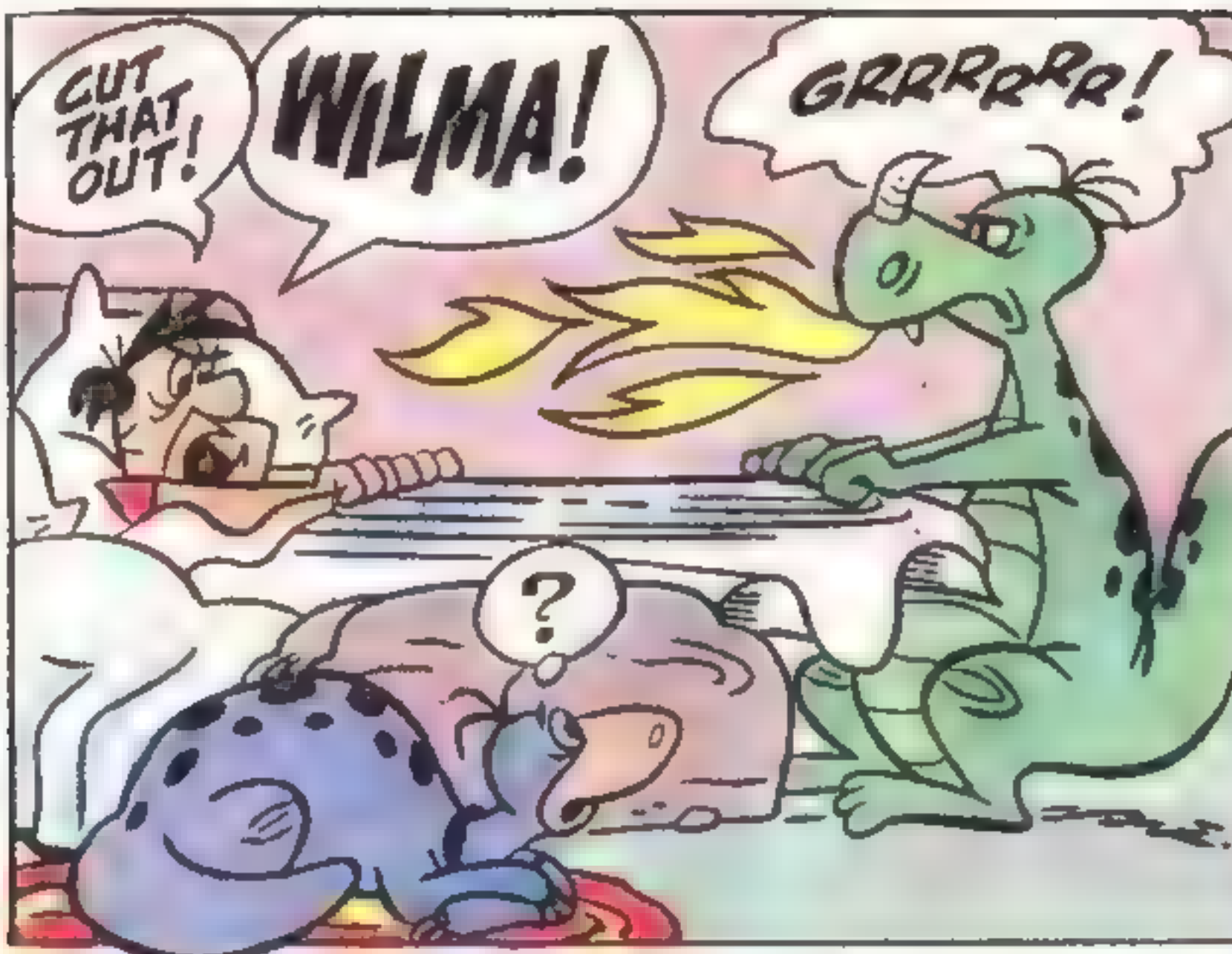


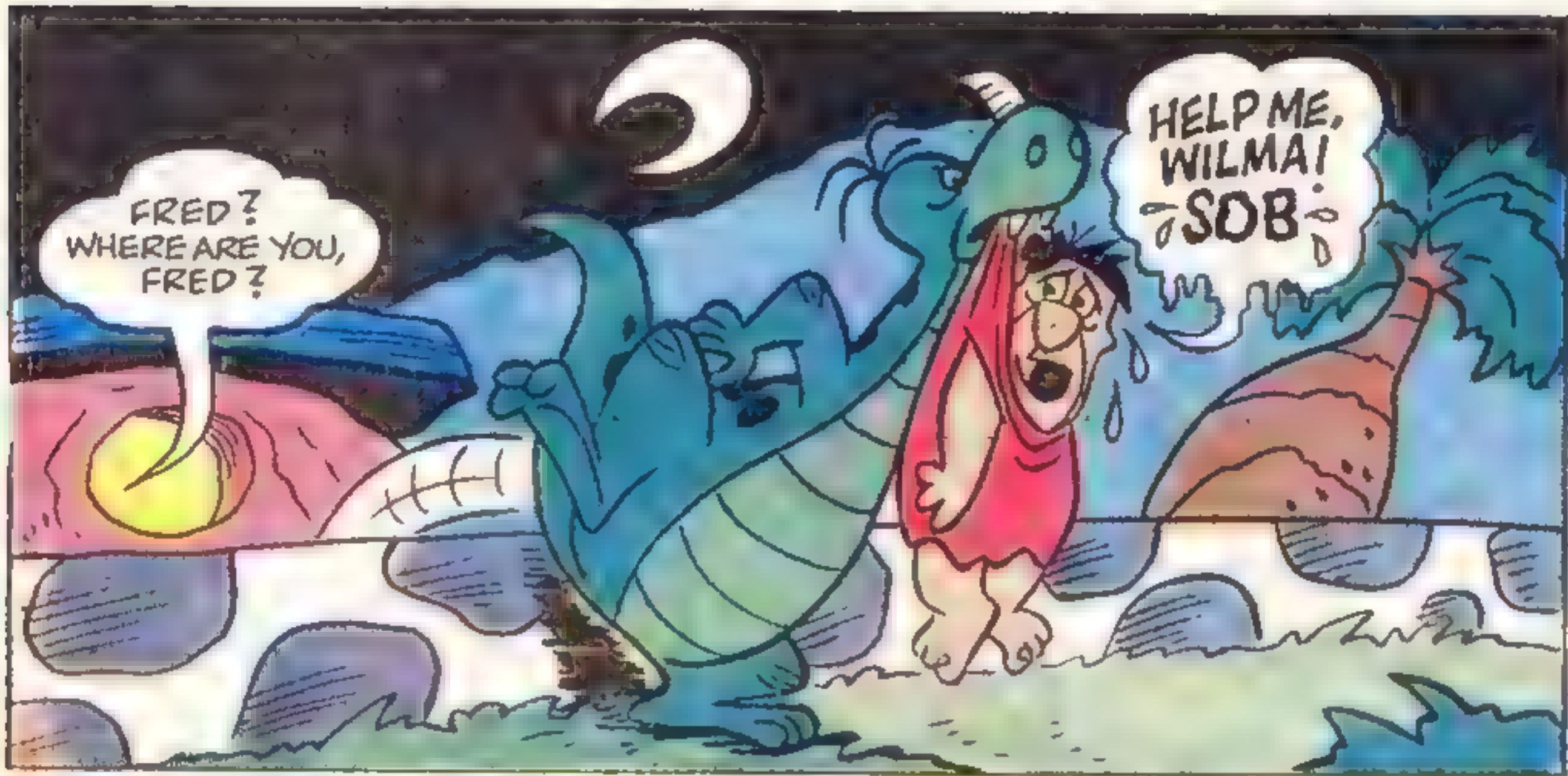
Did you ever see a
Dream Walking?

The
FLINTSTONES



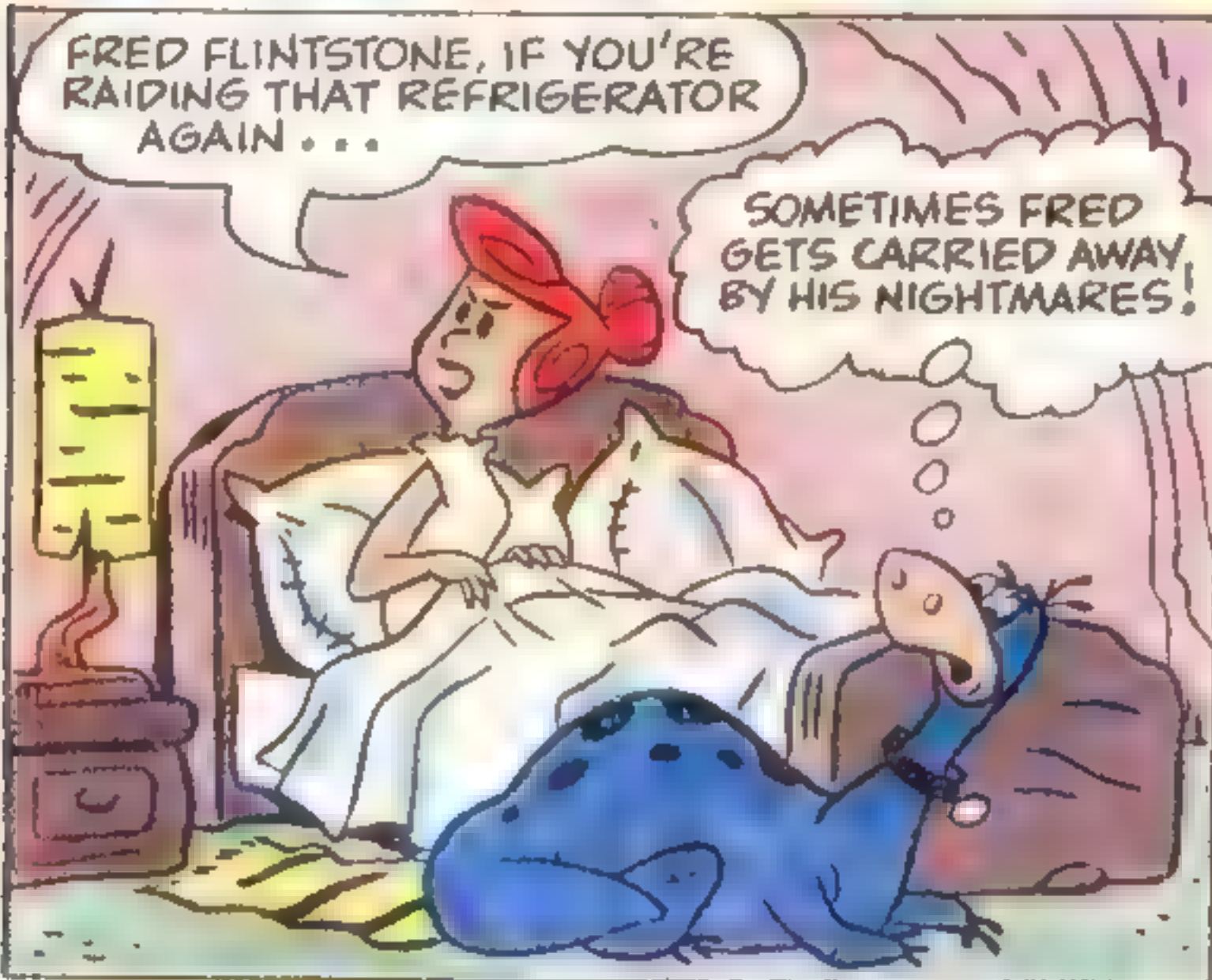
RAY
BIRGO





FRED?
WHERE ARE YOU,
FRED?

HELP ME,
WILMA!
SOB!



FRED FLINTSTONE, IF YOU'RE
RAIDING THAT REFRIGERATOR
AGAIN...

SOMETIMES FRED
GETS CARRIED AWAY
BY HIS NIGHTMARES!

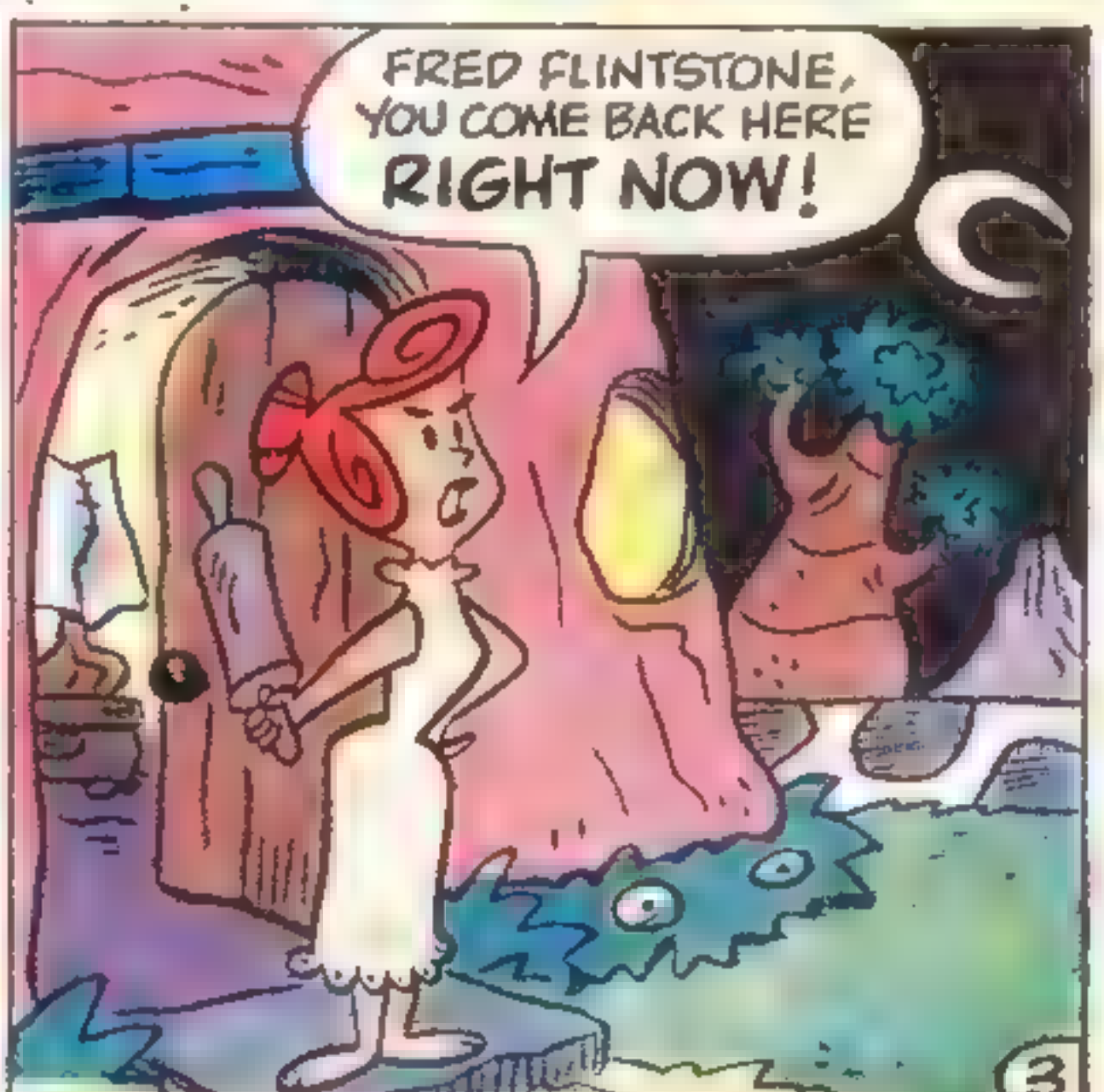


HEY, I JUST
MADE A JOKE!
YOCK YOCK
YOCK!

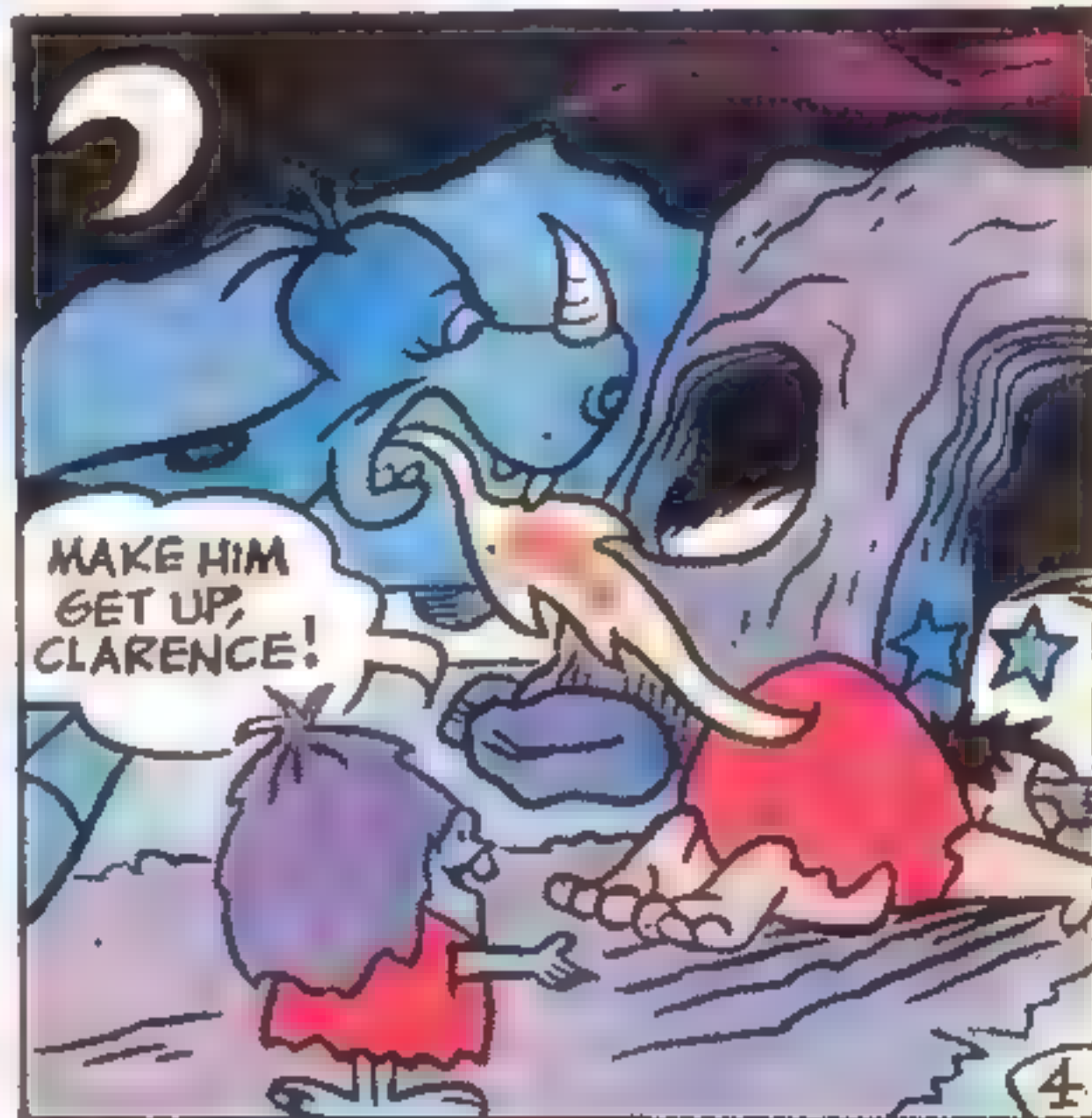
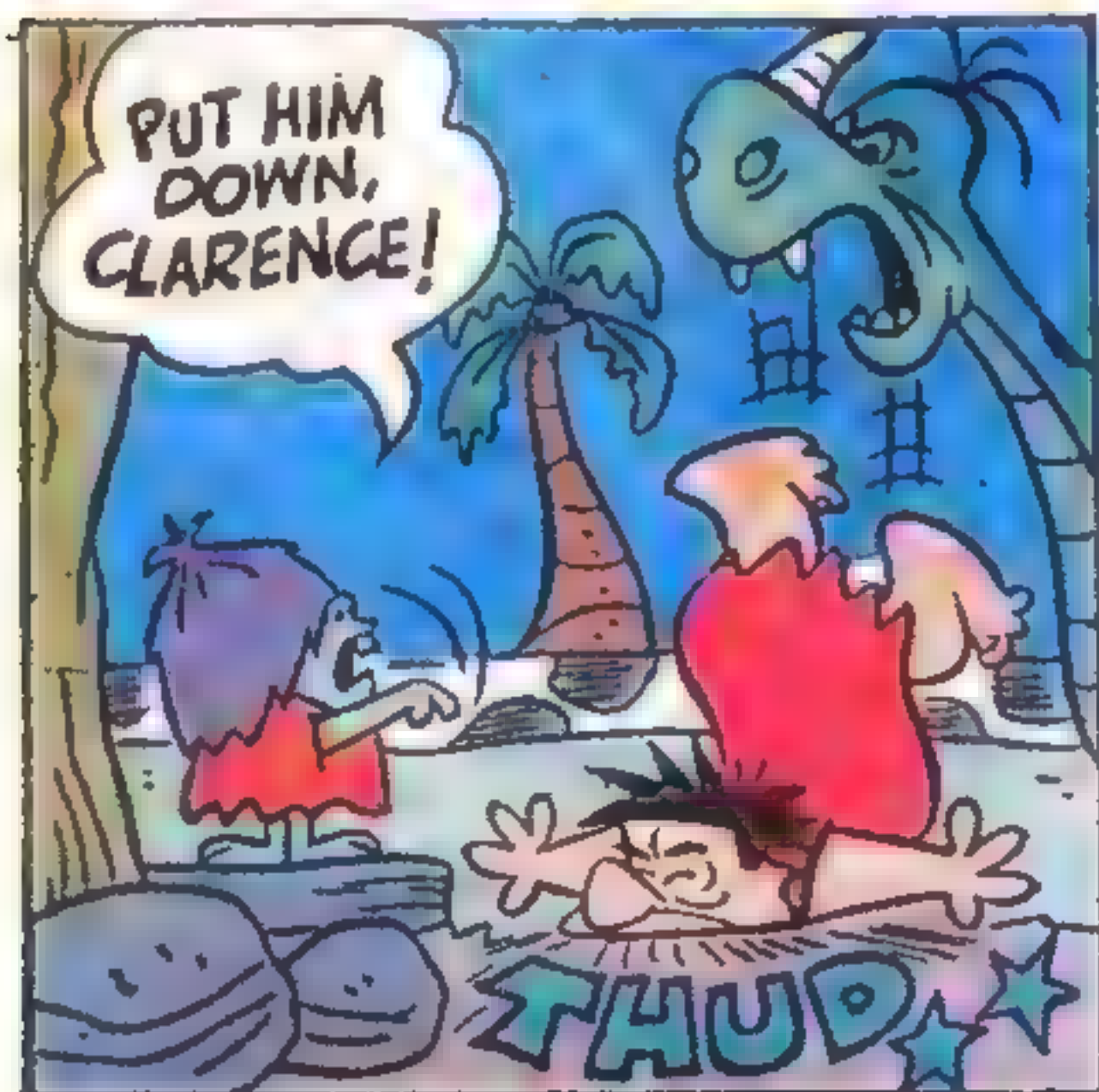


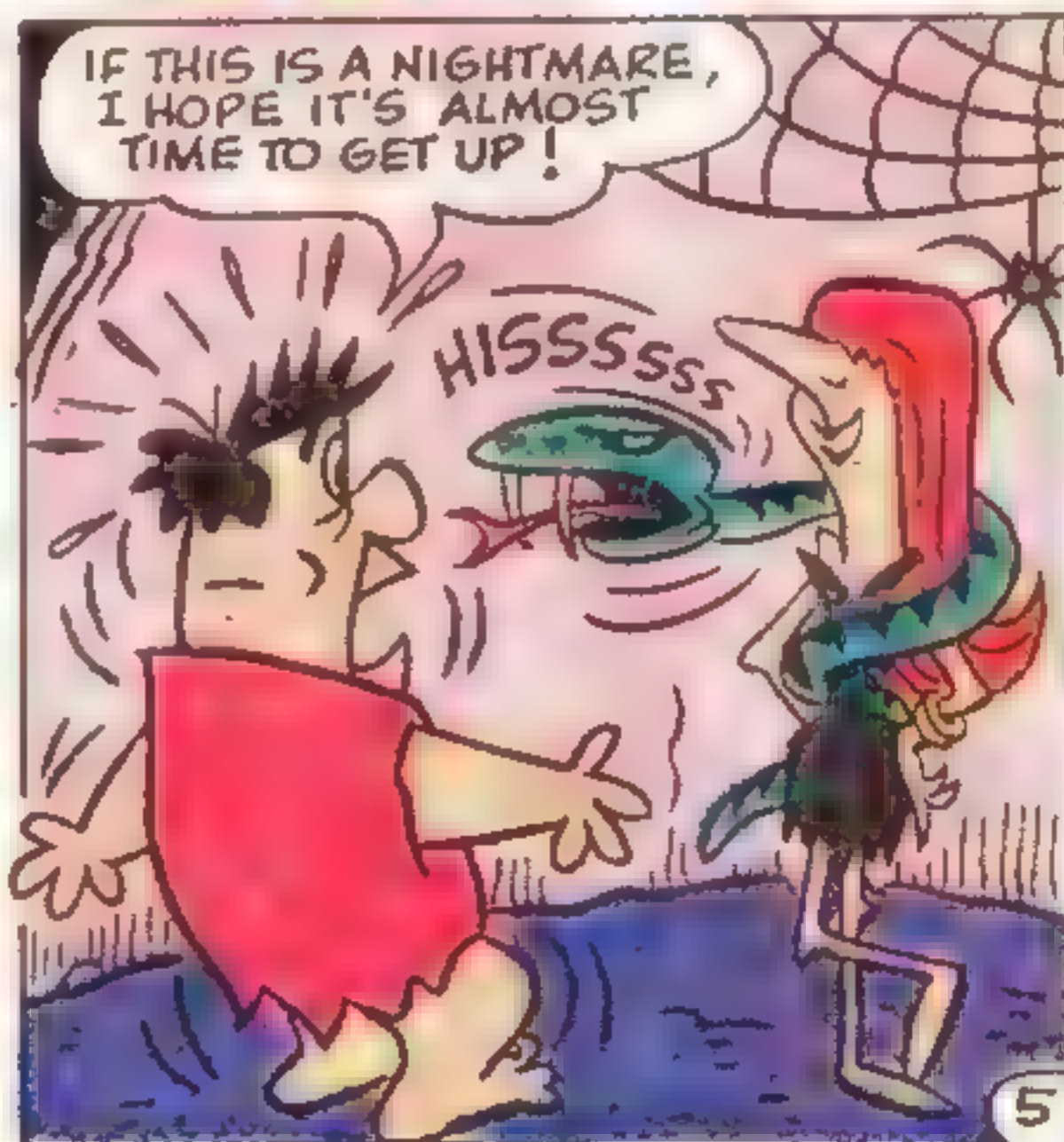
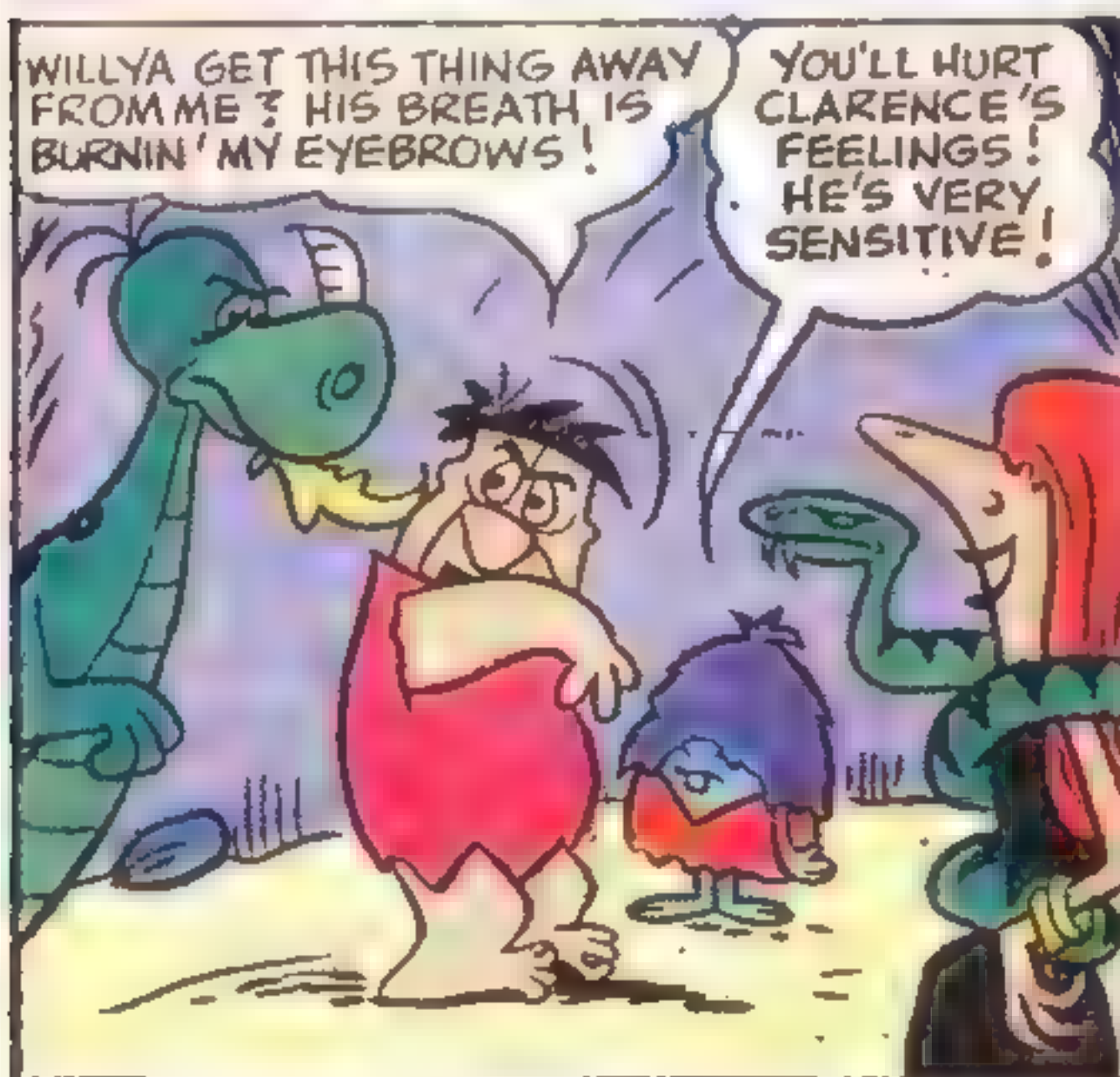
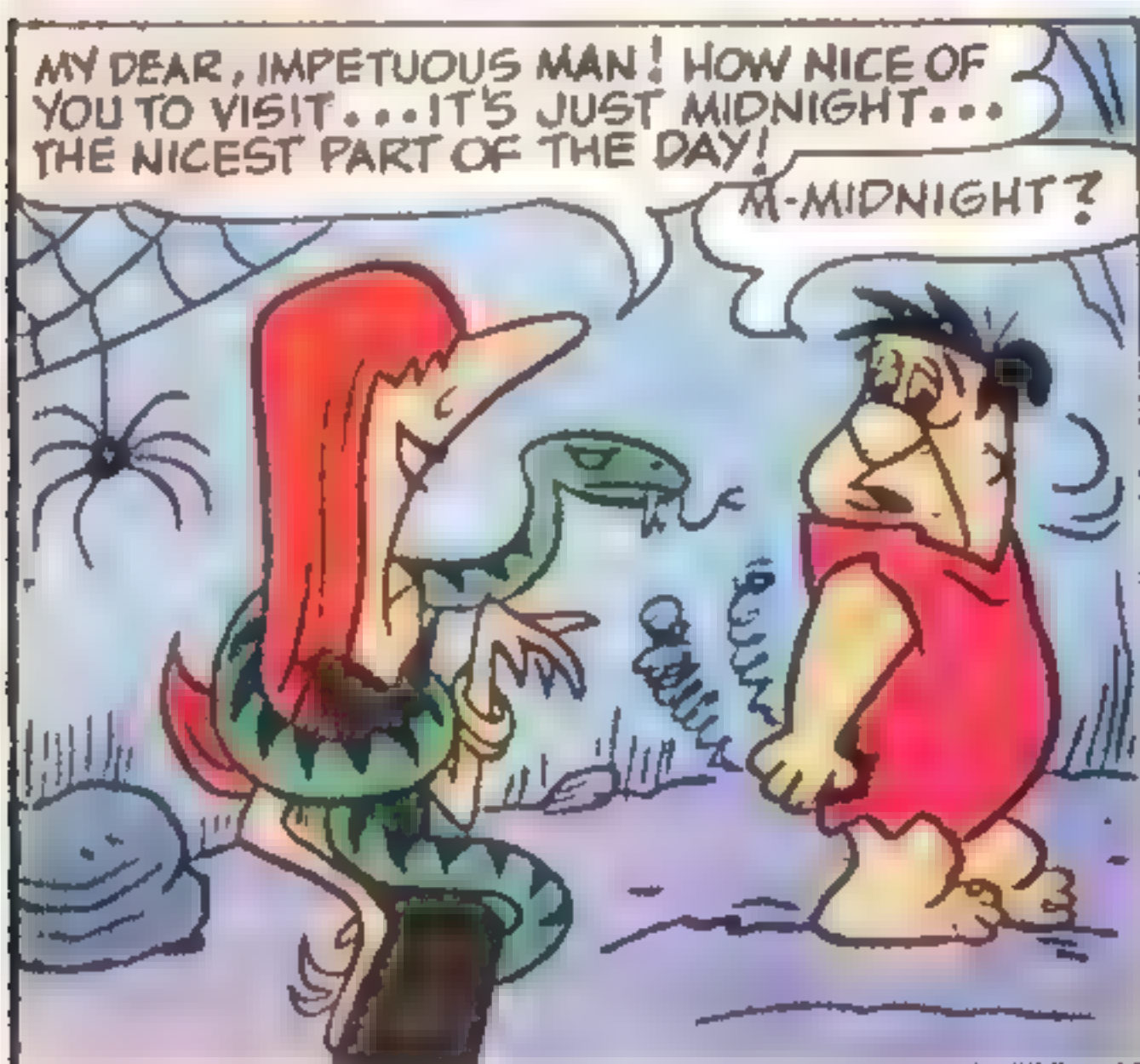
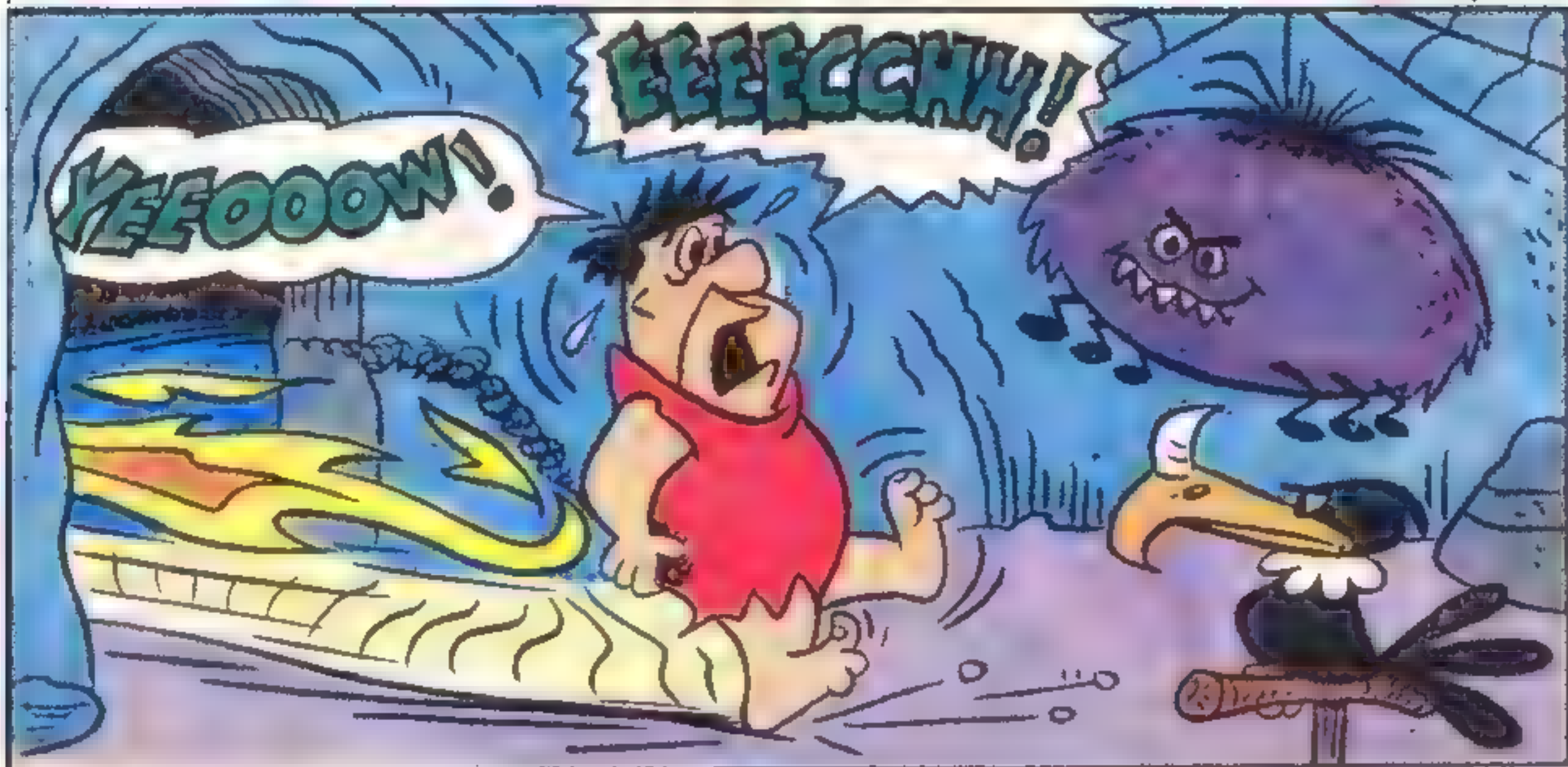
FRAKUL
OOP!

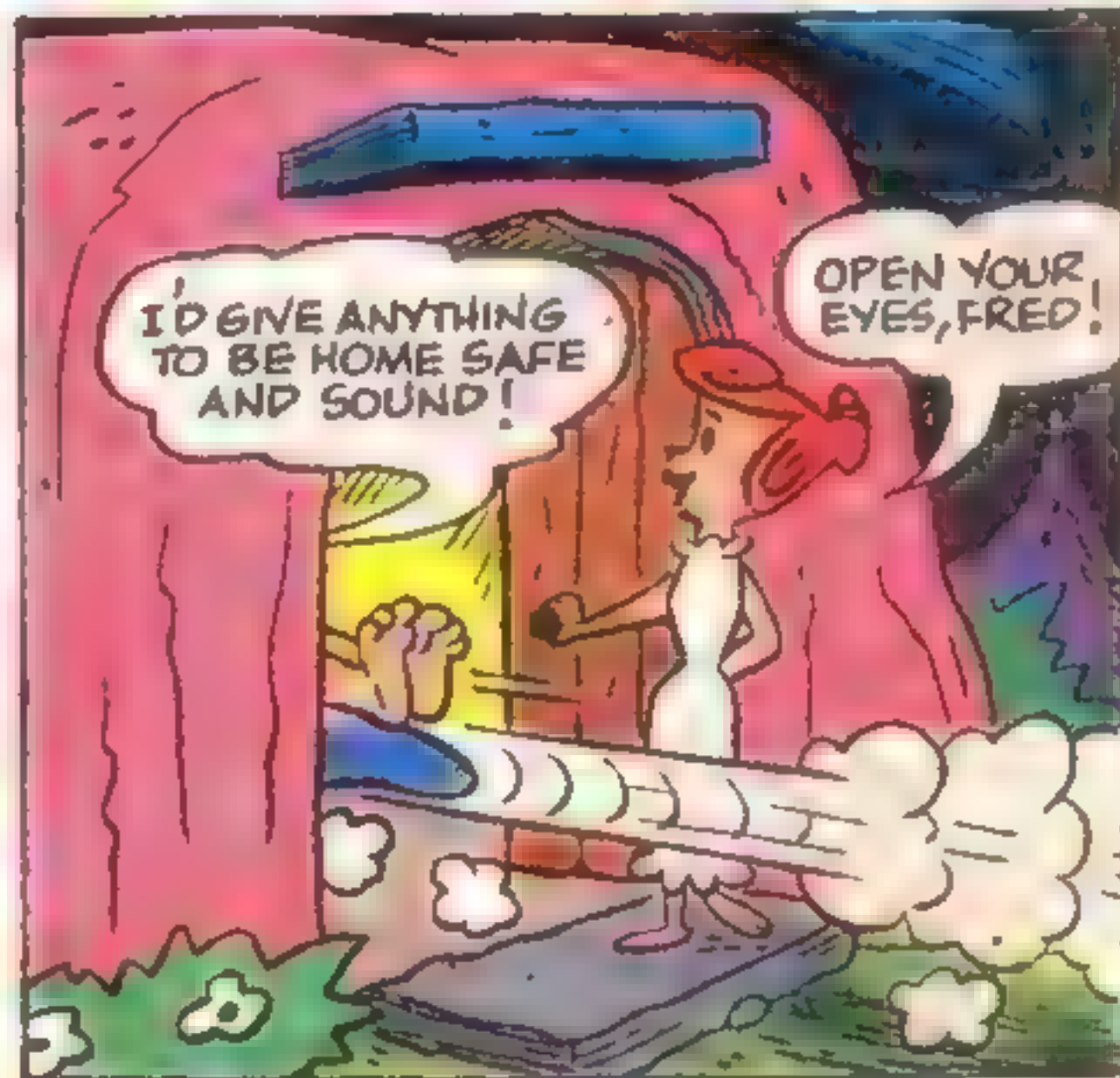
OH, HE DID,
DID HE?

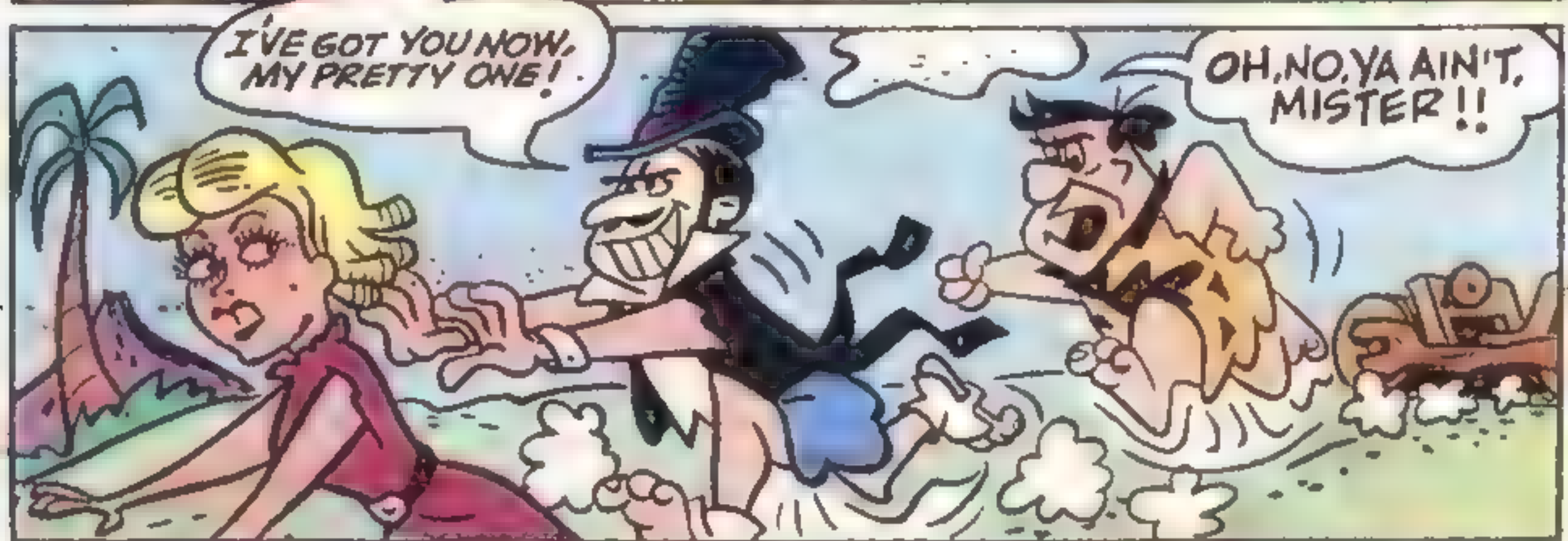
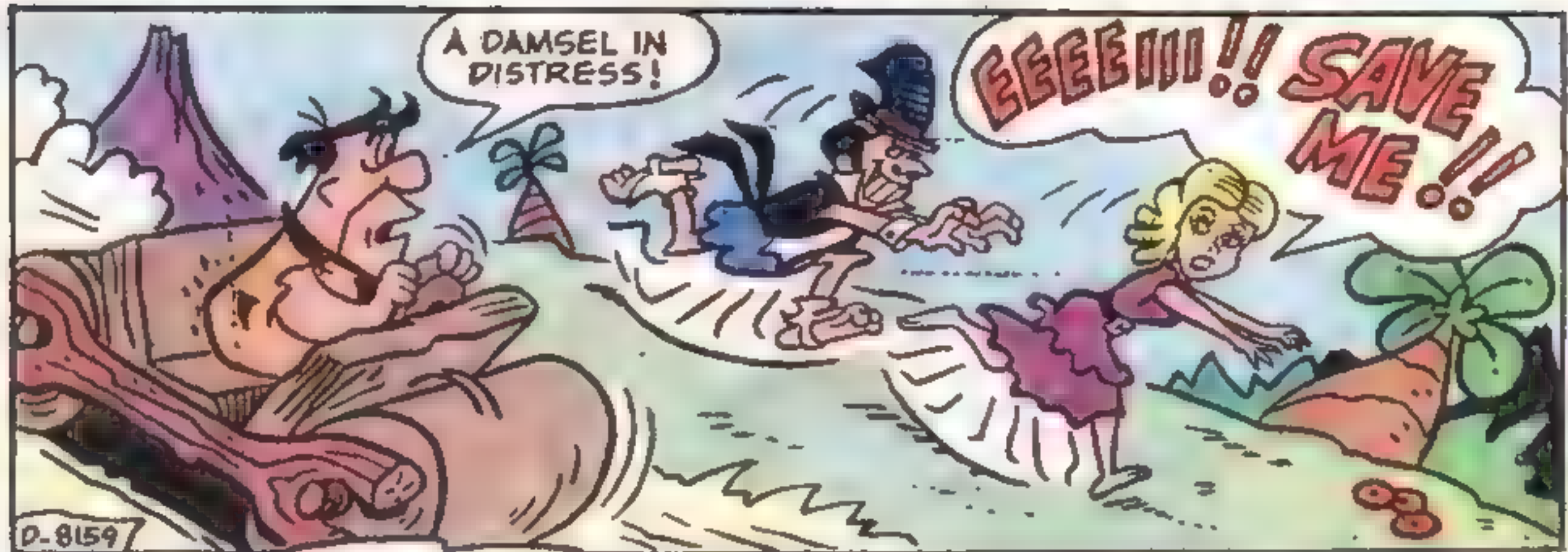


FRED FLINTSTONE,
YOU COME BACK HERE
RIGHT NOW!



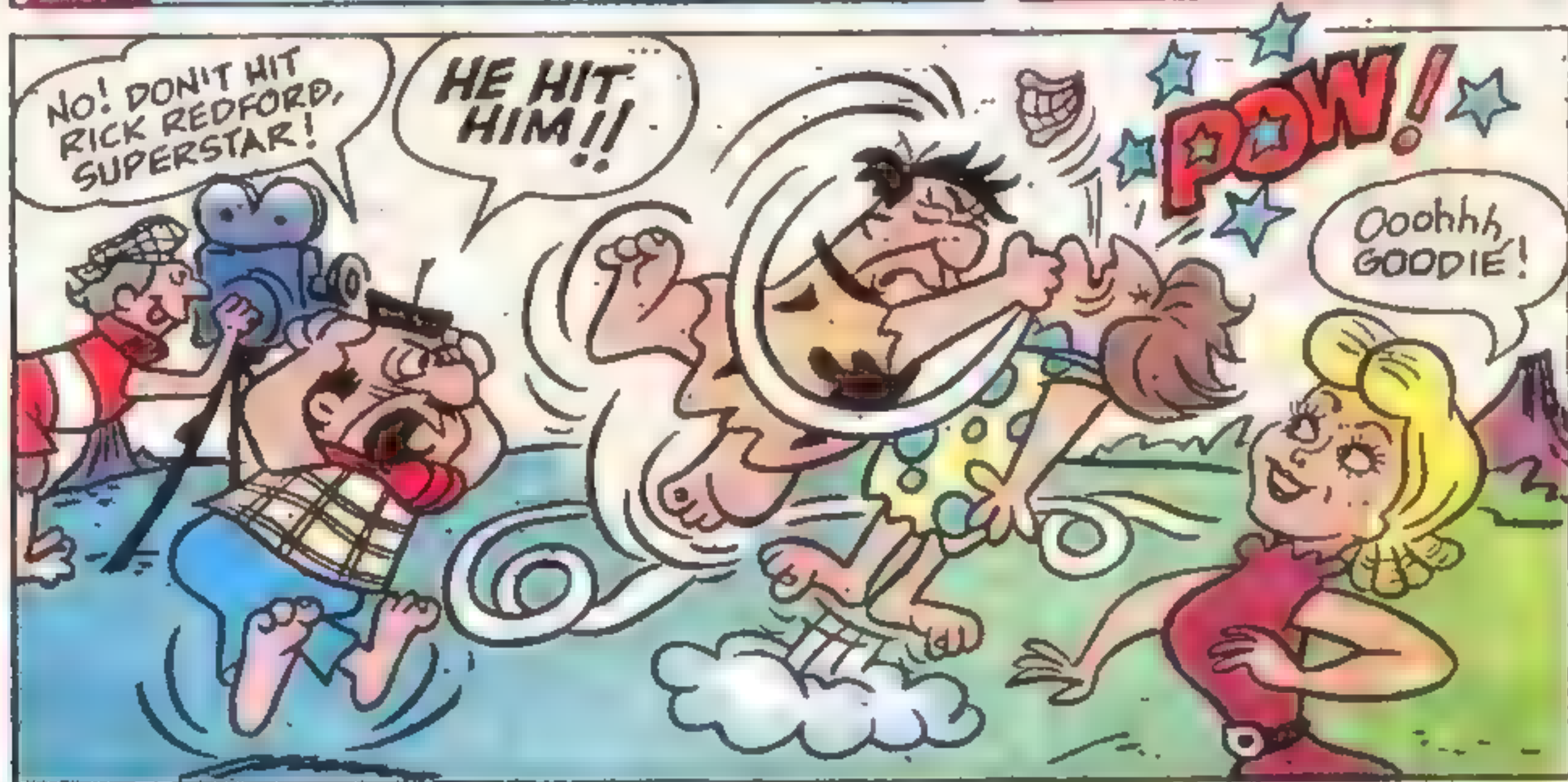


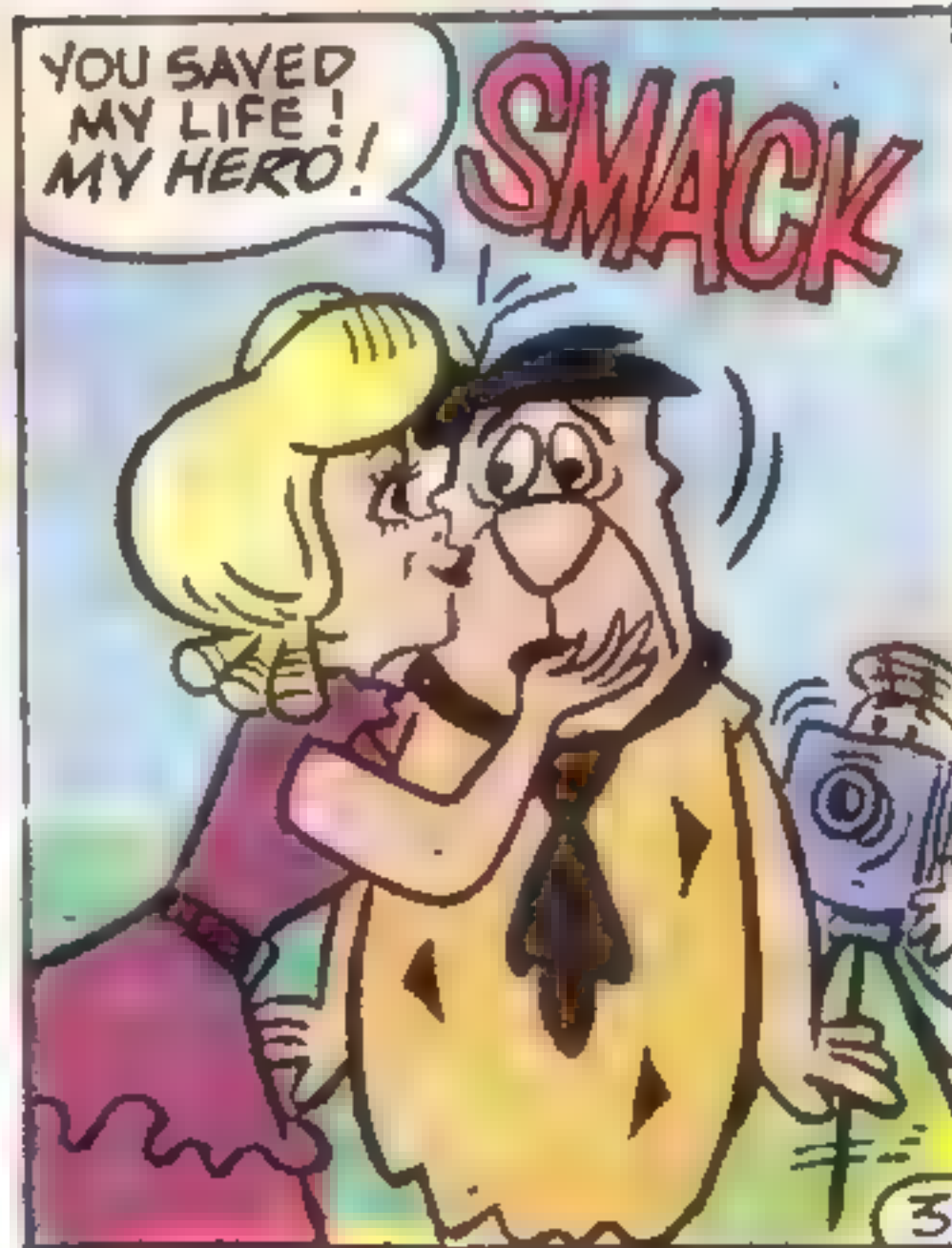
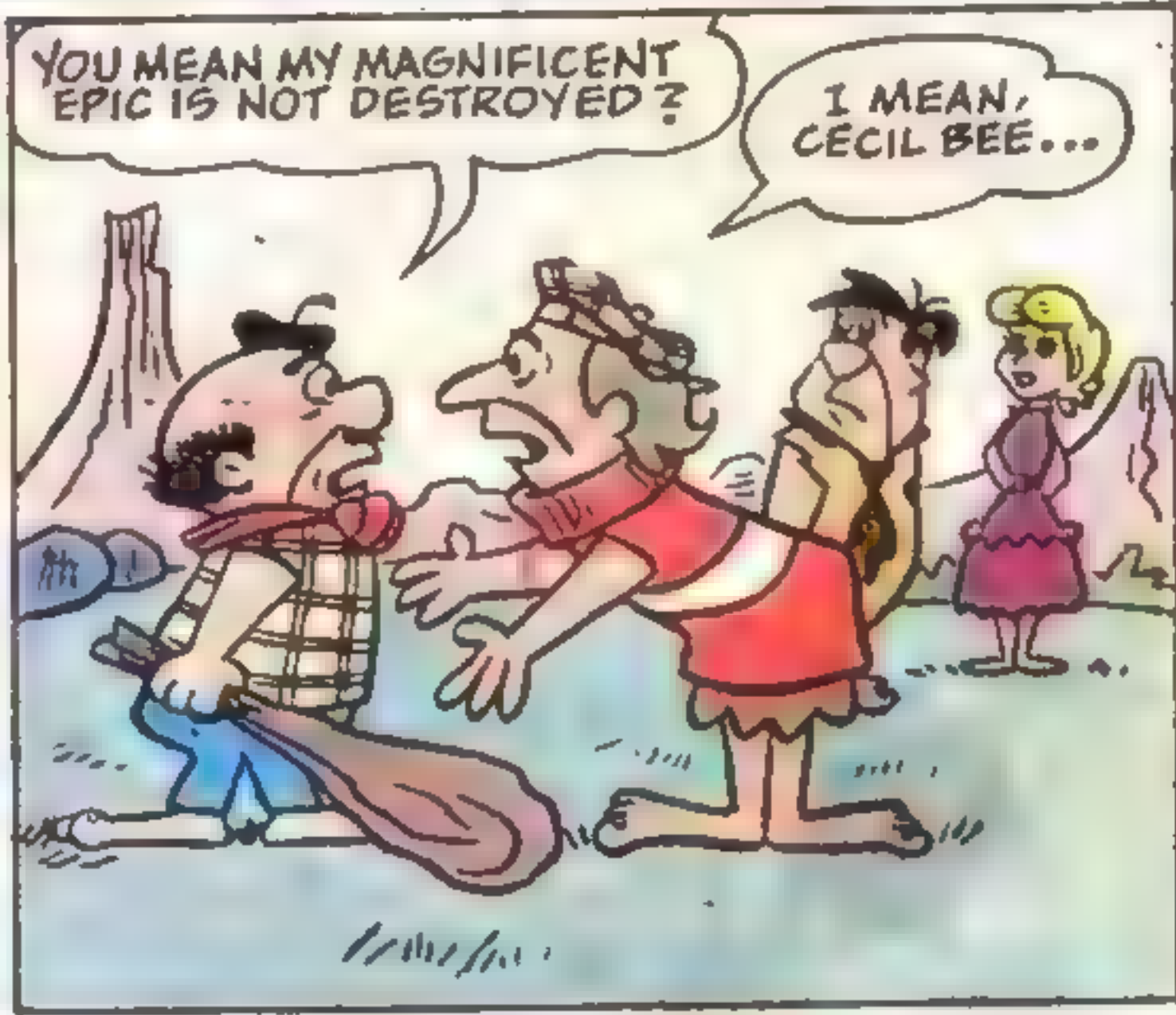




The FLINTSTONES FEARLESS FRED







AS THE NEWEST STAR IN THE HOLLYROCK HEAVENS, FEARLESS FRED, YOU'RE FRONT PAGE NEWS!

WRITE THAT FEARLESS FRED AND SHIRLEY SEMPLE ARE ENGAGED, SCOOP!

I AM?

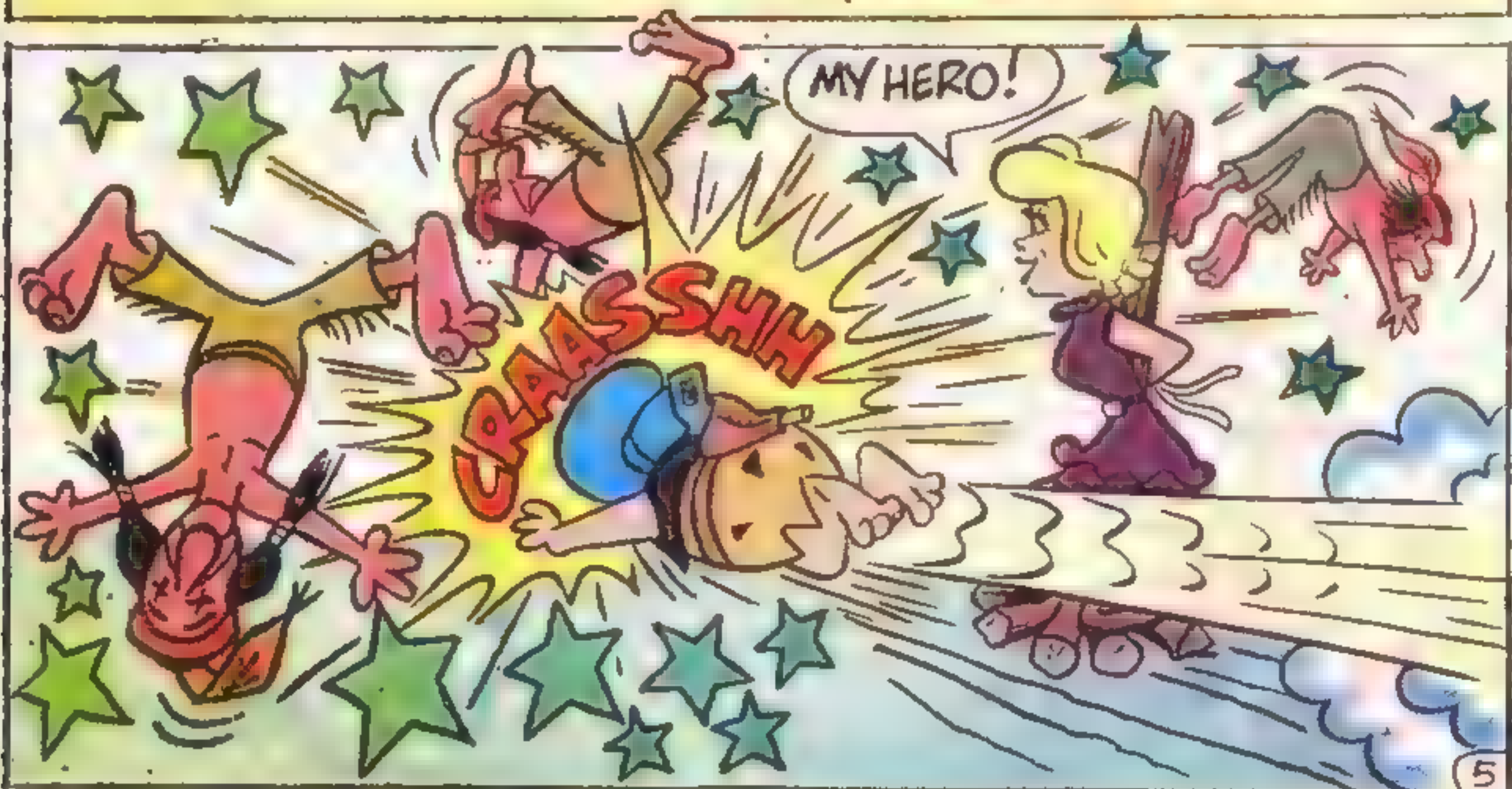
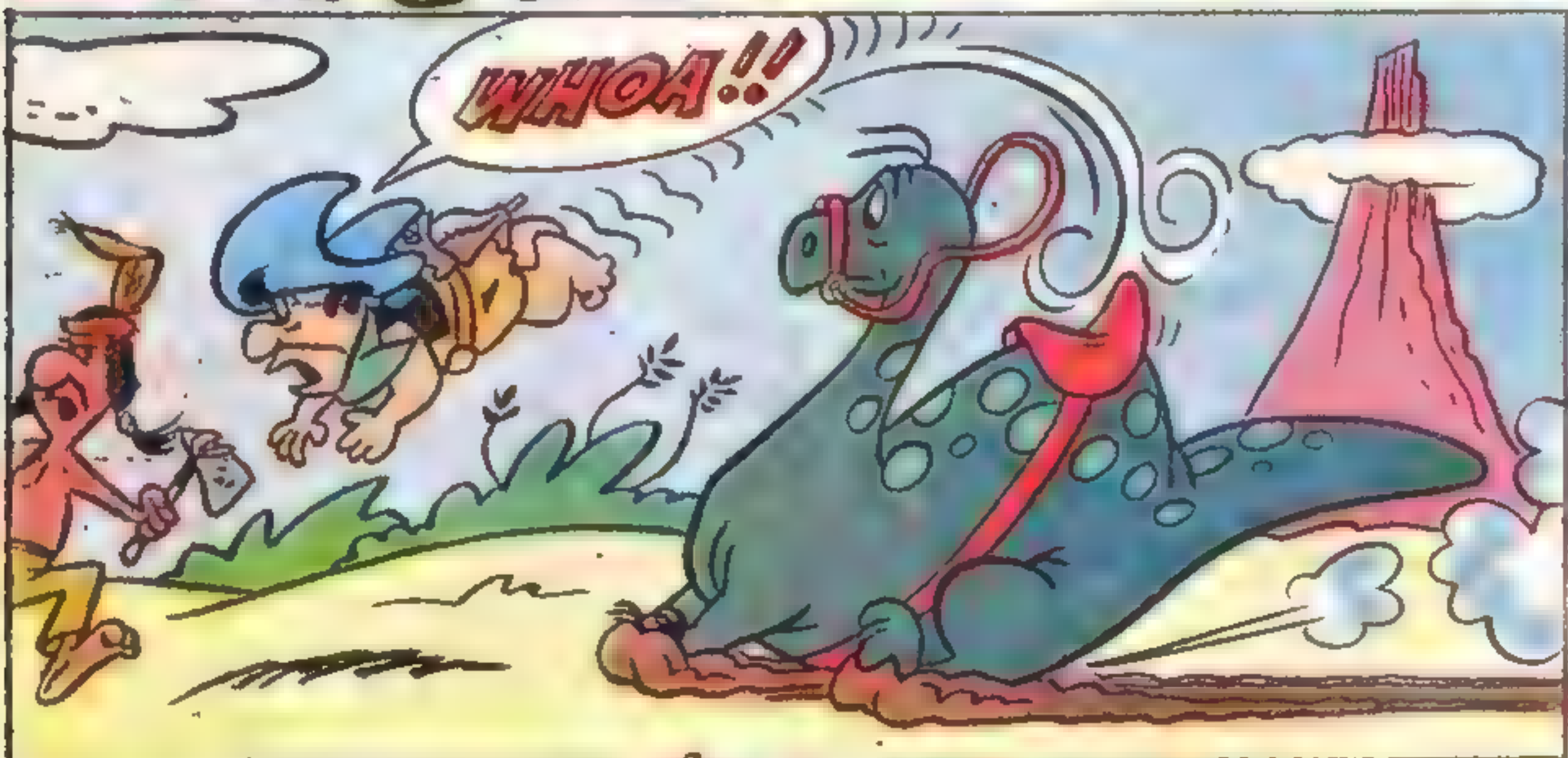
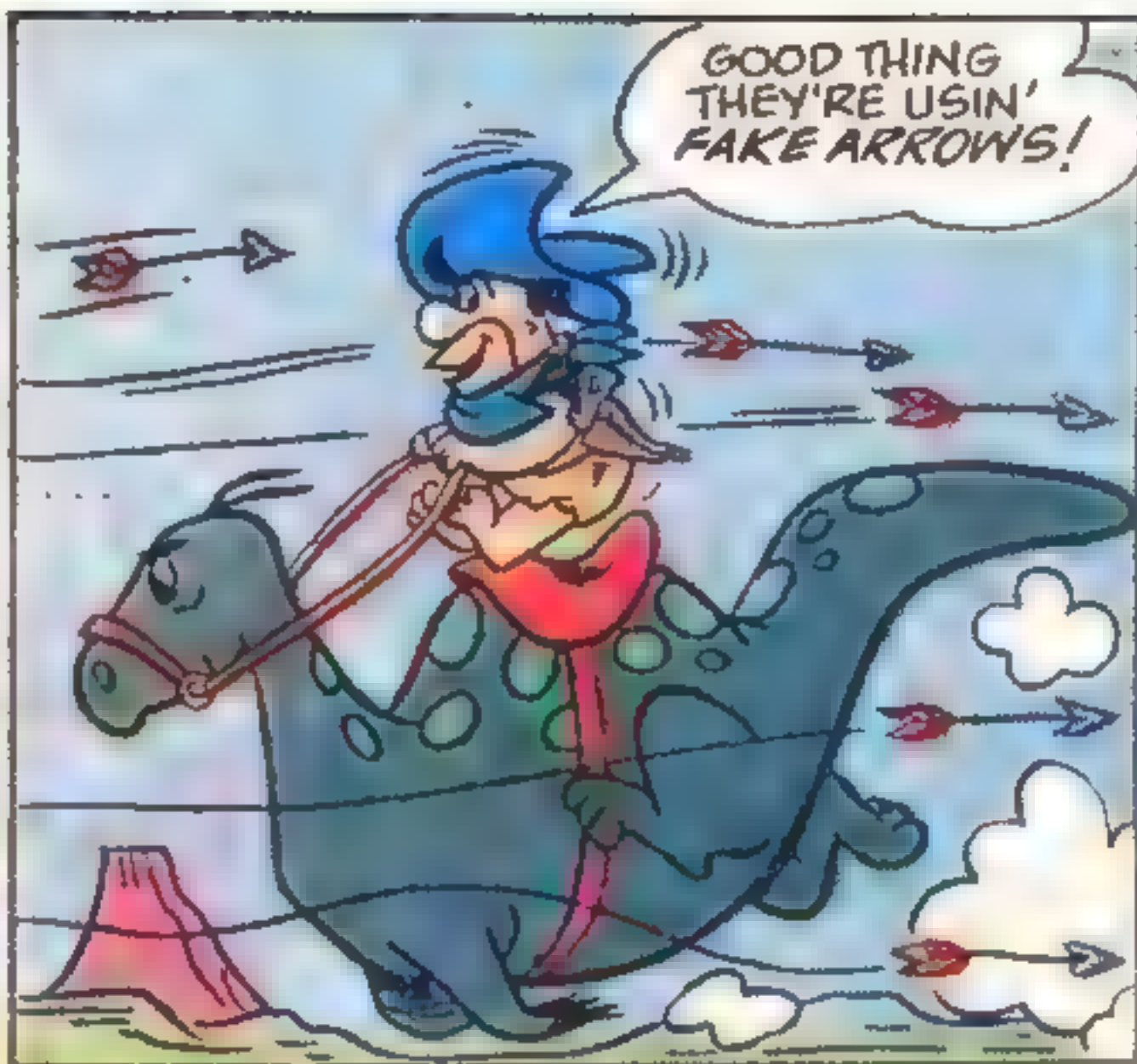
SAY CHEESE!

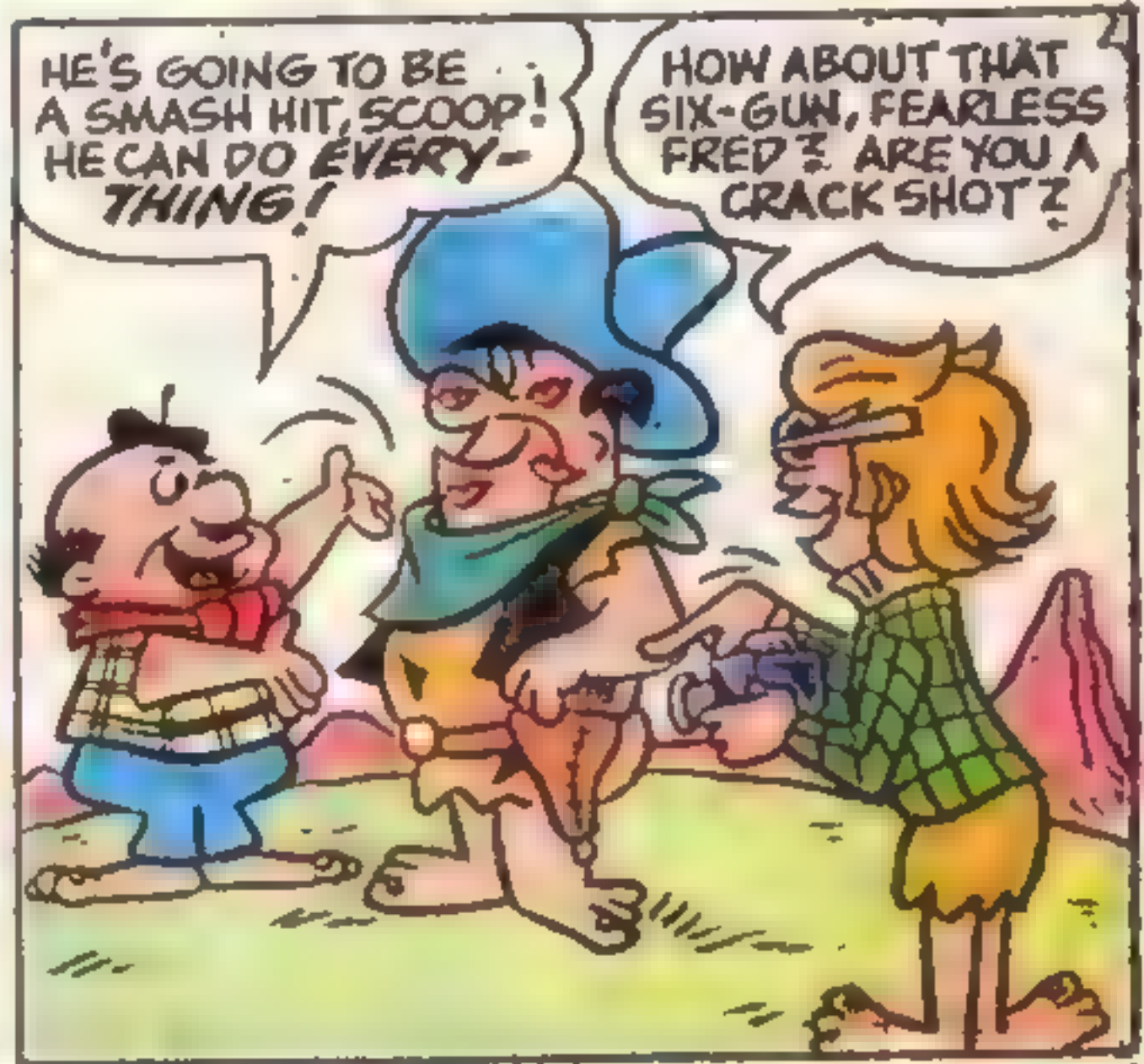
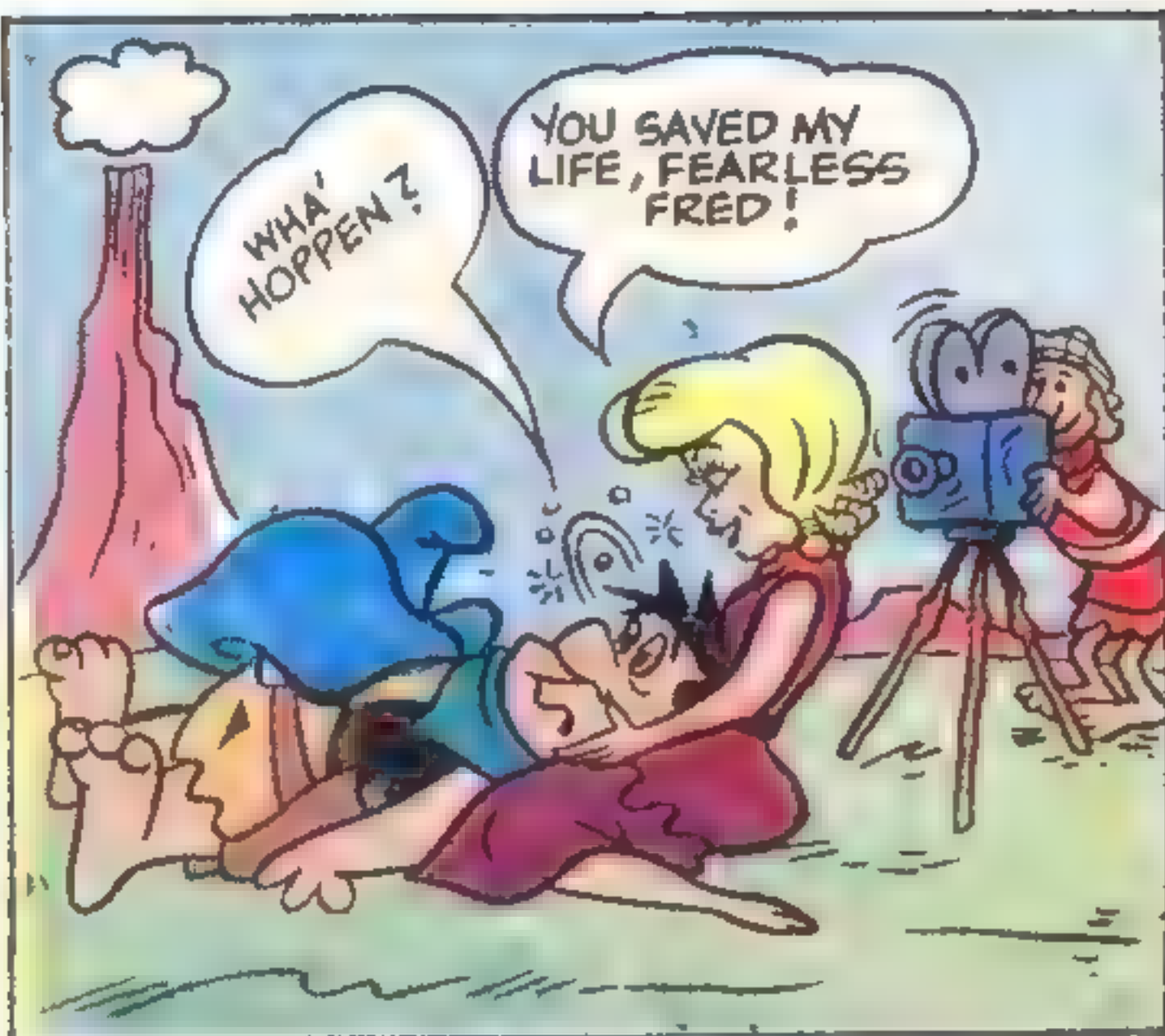
CLICK

THAT'S IT, SHIRLEY! BEAUTIFUL! NOW... THE INDIANS WILL BURN YOU AT THE STAKE!

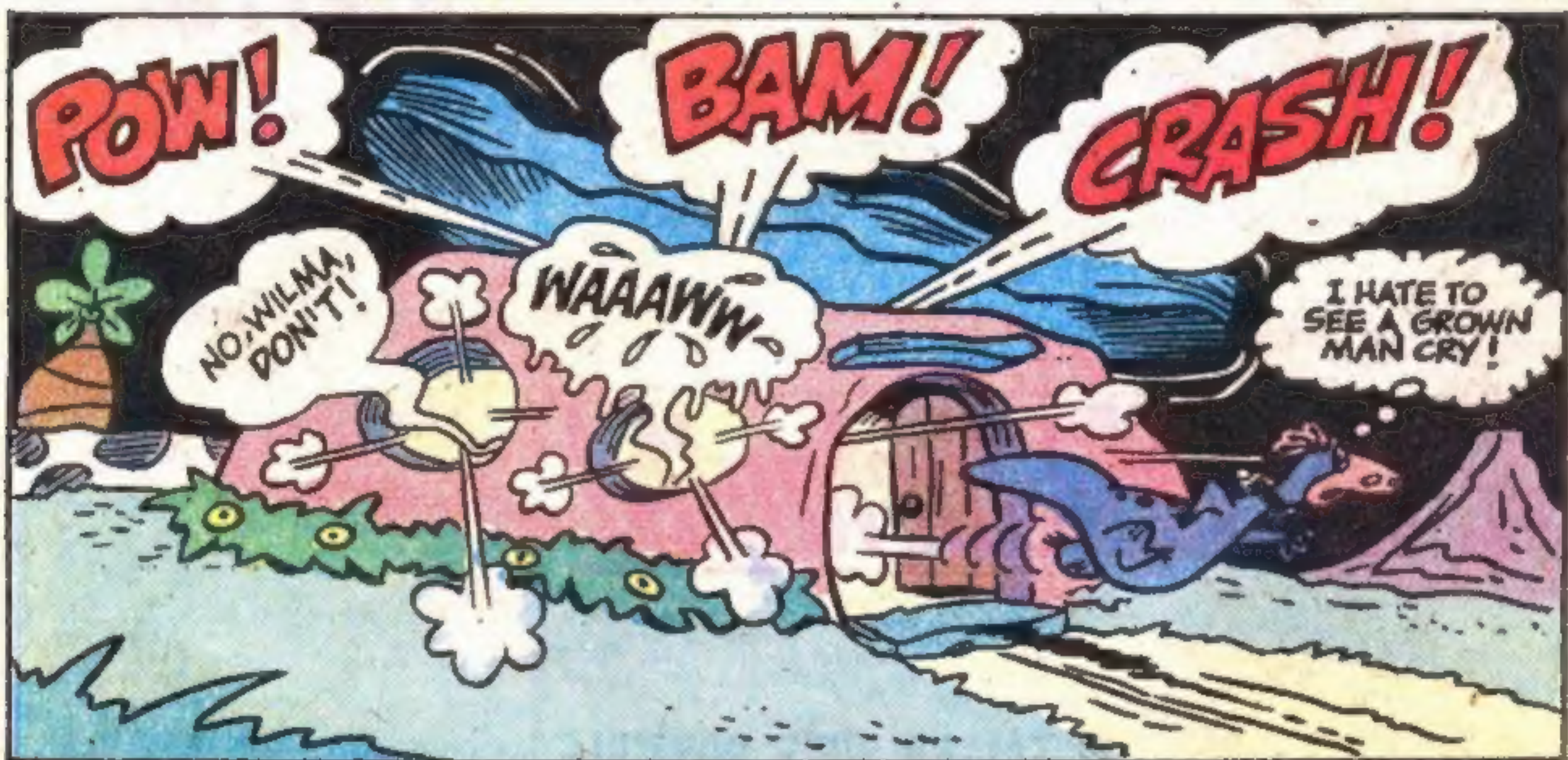
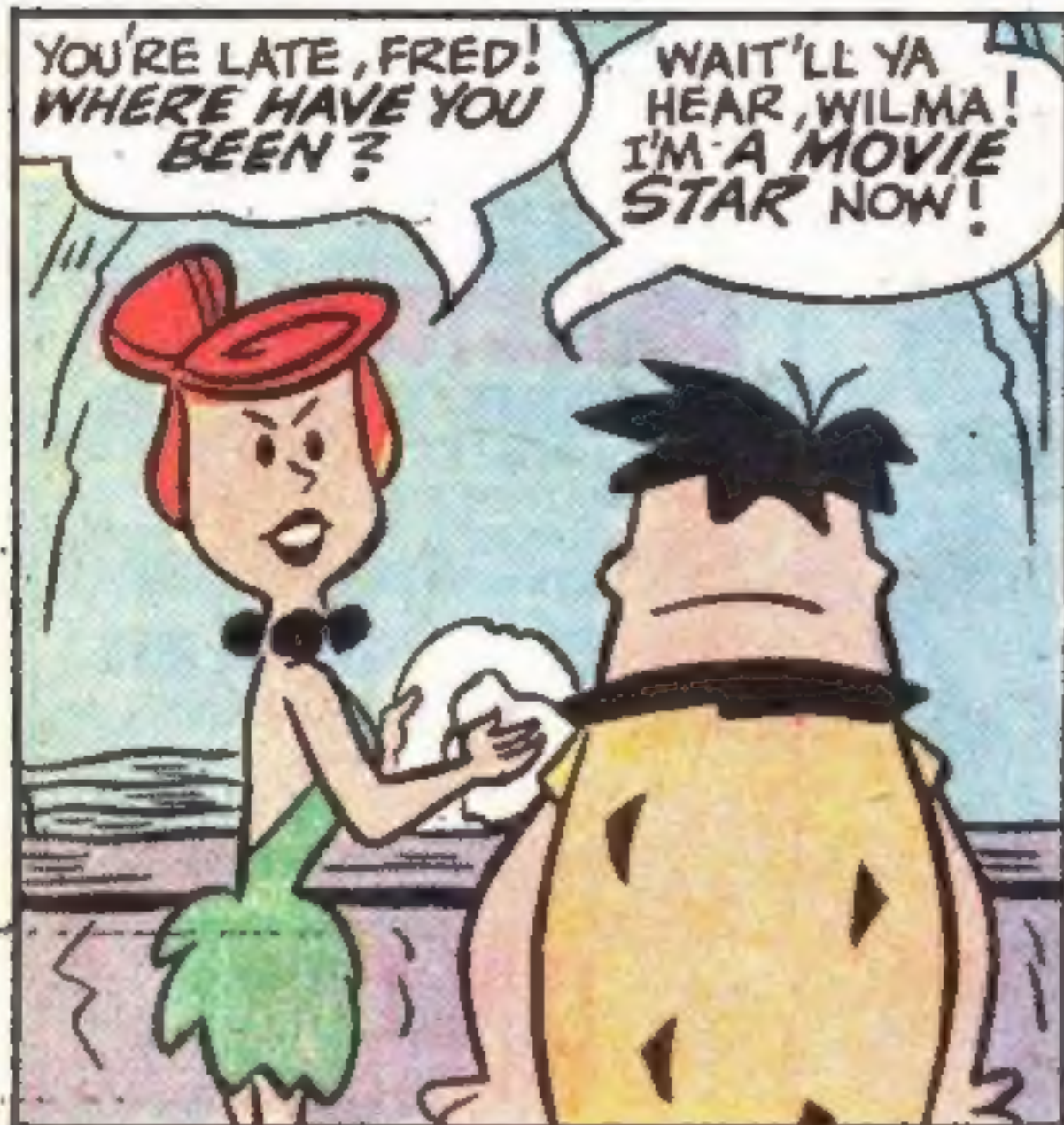
ACTION! CAMERA!

FEARLESS FRED TO THE RESCUE!



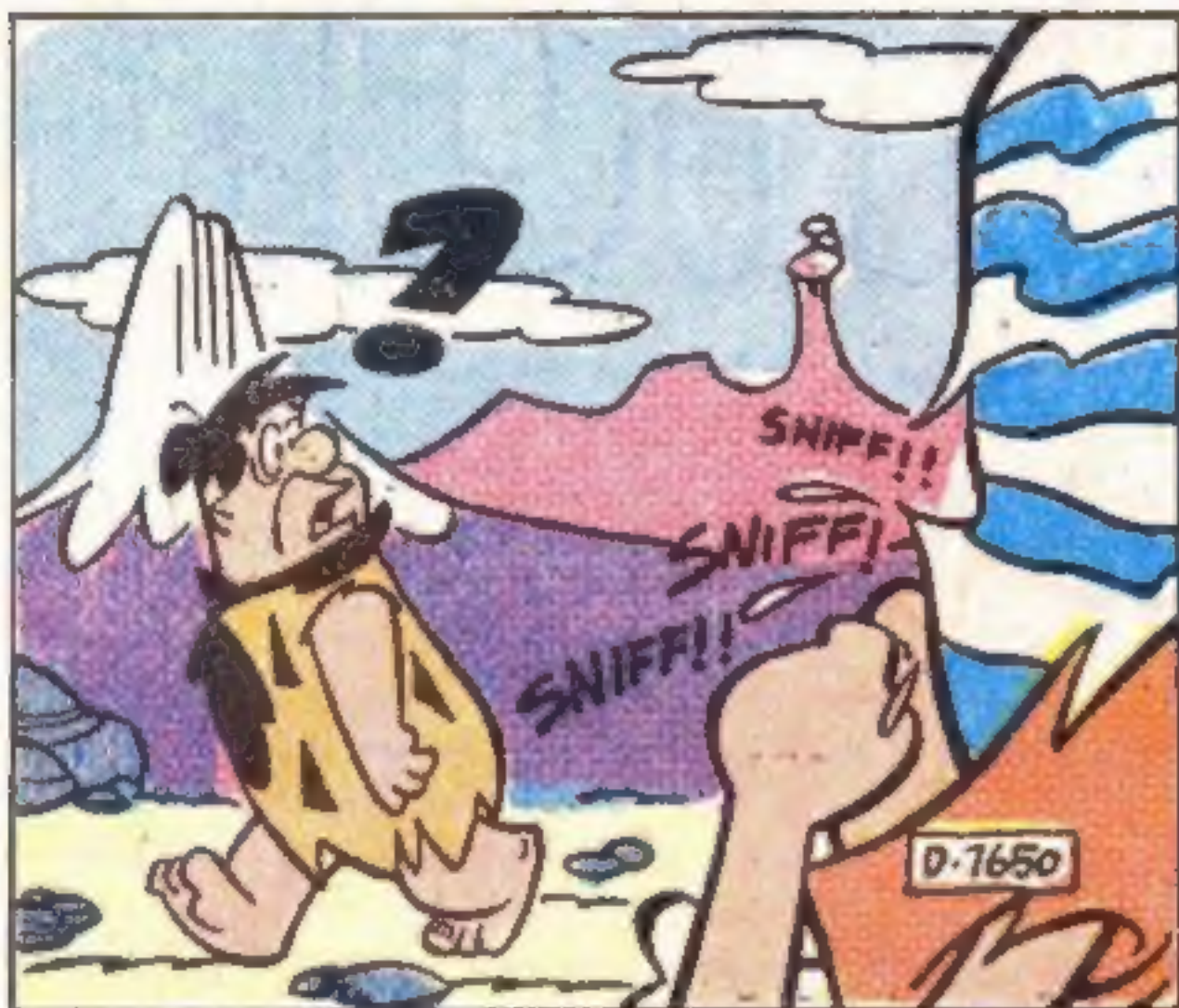






The FLINTSTONES

MEERY MASTER



THE Vacation SITUATION

"Yabba Dabba Do!" yelled Fred Flintstone when the afternoon, work whistle blew. "Today is Friday! Tomorrow, I start my vacation!" roared Fred happily as he punched the time clock and raced toward his car.

Meanwhile, elsewhere, Barney Rubble was also making a mad dash for his reckmobile. "Ya-Hee!" he yelled. "I'm on vacation. All I have to do for a whole week is to have fun, fun, fun!"

Minutes later, Fred and Barney pulled into their driveways. The two bosom buddies hopped out of their cars. The annual Flintstone-Rubble Fun Vacation was about to begin.

Every summer, Fred and Wilma, and Barney and Betty went on vacation together. The four friends always had lots of fun after they decided where they wanted to go.

"Get Betty and come on over to our place," Fred shouted to Barney. "Let's not waste time. The sooner we decide where we want to go, the faster we'll get there!" Fred stated.

"I'm with you, Freddie boy!" replied Barney as he raced up the walk toward his house.

Quickly, Fred slipped into his house. Wilma was waiting for him in the living room.

"Great! The gear is all packed!" exclaimed Fred. "Now, we can get rolling as soon as I decide where we're going to spend our vacation," Fred told Wilma.

"Listen to me, Fred Flintstone," Wilma yelled as she waved her finger in front of his nose. "Every year, you decide where we're going to spend our vacation. This year, keep your mouth closed and let Barney decide!"

"What?" bellowed Fred. "Last year, we went to the mountains! This year, we should go to the beach!"

"Fred, I don't want any arguing," warned Wilma.

Fred mumbled. He grumbled. He was angry — very angry! He was boiling mad when Betty and Barney walked into his house.

"Okay, Rubble! Where are we going?" screamed Fred. "Let's not waste time! Make up your mind! Do it quick, you nitwit!"

Barney gulped. Why was Fred allowing him to decide where to spend their vacation? Barney was shocked, surprised and stunned! It didn't make sense. Fred usually argued and fought until he got his own way. Quickly, Barney tried to come up with an answer.

"Let's go to the mountains," suggested Barney.

"It's okay with me," agreed Wilma.

"I like the mountains," added Betty.

"Well, Fred, how about you?" asked Barney.

Fred's blood was boiling. His temper got the best of him. He lost control of himself.

"Rubble, you're a numbskull!" roared Fred. "We should go to the beach! We went to the mountains last year!"

Then, the annual argument started. Everyone yelled, screamed and hollered. Fred wanted to go to the beach. Barney wanted to go to the mountains. No one would change his mind. Barney usually gave in, but this time he swore that he would get his own way. After all, Fred had asked him where he wanted to go!

"Rubble, I'm going to the beach," screamed Fred. Barney and Betty walked toward the door. "Have fun at the beach! We're going to the mountains!" Barney stated as he and Betty left.

"Now look what you did," said Wilma to Fred. "I guess this is the end of the Flintstone-Rubble Fun Vacation," she stated.

"Who cares?" replied Fred as he shrugged his shoulders. "Let's get going!"

The next morning, the Flintstones arrived at the beach. Quickly, they set up camp near the ocean.

Fred went swimming. He went scuba diving. He tried to have fun by himself, but he couldn't! He missed Barney.

"Why don't we go to the mountains," suggested Wilma when she saw what a miserable time Fred was having. "A vacation is only fun when you spend it with people that you like!"

Fred agreed with Wilma. He'd been wrong and now he knew it. Instantly, the Flintstones hopped into their car and drove off toward the mountains.

Suddenly, Fred slammed on the brakes! A car was coming straight at him! The car looked familiar. It was the Rubble's car.

Immediately, Fred pulled over. Barney's car screeched to a stop and Betty and Barney hopped out. They walked over to the Flintstones.

"Going to the mountains wasn't any fun without you so we decided to come to the beach!" Barney explained.

"We were on our way to the mountains to be with you two," Fred admitted.

"Why don't we spend half of our vacation at the beach and half of it at the mountains?" suggested Betty.

"That's a great idea," said Fred. "It looks like it's going to be a Flintstone-Rubble Fun Vacation after all."

"For once, you're right, Fred," said Wilma. "It's going to be fun because we're all back together again!"